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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 309
THE MILITARY CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE . . 312
HOUSING—SOME CONCLUSIONS 313
A LONDON DIARY 314
CLEANING-UP AMERICA. By H. N. Brailsford . . 315
THE REFEREE. By Y. Y. 316
PRECEDENT AND PROGRESS. By MacFlecknoe . . 318
CORRESPONDENCE 318
From Sir Norman Angell; Middle-Class War Resister; Lord Allen; Major Nathan, M.P.; Michael Pease; Montague Fordham; Jesse Hawkes; Air-Commodore Charlton; William Heinemann, Limited; Thomas Sharp; Gerald Bullett; G. S. Tomkinson; Albert Gowie; C. R. Fay.
ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS. By Richard Hughes 321
THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS. By Francis Birrell 322
PLAYS AND PICTURES 323
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . *Page* 324
REVIEWS:
Havelock Ellis on Sex. By Bertrand Russell . 325
New Novels. By Raymond Mortimer . . . 326
Just for a Ribbon. By Richard Church . . 359
High Spirits 359
An American Green. By G. M. Young . . 360
Paul Valéry. By Peter Quennell 360
Spenser—With Notes. By Lawrence Stapleton . 362
ABOUT MOTORING 364
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 366
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 368
SPRING BOOKS SUPPLEMENT (*see Special Index*).
Includes an eye-witness account of the Greek Revolution by Cyril Connolly; poem by Walter de la Mare; and reviews by Cecil Gray, William Plomer, W. H. Davies, R. Ellis Roberts, H. E. Bates, Constant Lambert, R. B. Braithwaite and Ralph Partridge.

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MR. MACDONALD is making a last desperate effort to carry through a comprehensive treaty of disarmament. His success would be the best news since 1918. It would also be a miracle. Europe is already preparing for war, and France is looking for military guarantees rather than for schemes of arms reduction. Even in England, in this year of rigid economy, the Service estimates are up by over four millions. The debate on the Air estimates was a tragic confession of intellectual bankruptcy. Sir Philip Sassoon, outdone by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Amery, tried to make our flesh creep by explaining that we are only the fifth air power in the world. How much safer would anyone feel if our air force were doubled or trebled? Mr. Baldwin reminded us the other day that there is no defence against air attack except counter attack, and Mr. Churchill's efforts to reply were ludicrously unconvincing. Indeed he scarcely seemed successful in convincing himself. When the bombs are falling upon us shall we really be comforted by the knowledge that our airmen are dropping bombs on foreigners?

The Air Menace

Mr. Churchill was, of course, perfectly right in saying that the French will not accept a reduction to our level, and Colonel Moore-Brabazon equally right in pointing out that air armaments are in every country being increased under the guise of subsidised civil aviation. In this country, as a recent article in the *Engineer* showed in great detail, there is not an aviation firm which is not producing, by arrangement with the Air Ministry, types of aeroplane designed to serve military as well as civil purposes. The really shocking part of the debate was that neither Sir Philip Sassoon nor any of those who spoke from the Ministerial side seem for a moment to have taken seriously their own Government's proposal for making possible the abolition of military aviation by internationalising civil aviation. Yet it is in fact, as we showed in an article in this journal on December 10th, a happy, practical, and constructive proposal. If we are to abandon hope of it, then there is no prospect before us except a renewed competition of armaments, this time of air armaments, ending in international suicide.

The Nazis' Progress

The Nazis are now in complete control of Germany. They have supplanted the Governments of one after another of the States of the Reich with "Commissioners" of their own, and they have made a pretty thorough purge of their adversaries in the local administrations up and down the land. Their methods have been brusque and in many cases blackguardly; but Herr Hitler, we are glad to note, has called a halt to the grosser forms of violence, and there is a good prospect of more tolerable

conditions. But the persecution of Jews as well as of "Marxists" continues; and since, in the absence of any independent newspapers, a great deal can be done without any undue publicity, there are likely to be many more victims. The seizure by troops of Nazis of places in the demilitarised Rhineland zone has naturally roused alarm abroad, and particularly in France. Official protests which have been made to Baron von Neurath, are treated lightly, on the ground that the Nazis were not armed and therefore were not violating any treaties. That may or may not be convincing; but evidently there was no military significance in these escapades. What is really important is whether the Storm Troops and many others are presently to be incorporated in the German army, whether, in fact, Germany is once more to become a formidable fighting power. That can best be avoided, and indeed can only be avoided, we believe, by the rest of us carrying out our pledges to reduce our own armaments.

The Japanese Drive

The news from the Far East has been rather confused this week. The Chinese claim startling successes in Jehol north of the Great Wall, whilst another message reports the landing of Japanese troops at Taku on the Gulf of Chihli, fifty miles or so from Tientsin. This was denied in Tokio, and we do not know at the time of writing whether it is true or not. But that the Japanese will before long be in or about Tientsin and Peking we see little reason to doubt. It has been plain enough from the outset, as we have insisted in these columns, that Manchuria was the starting point and not the goal of the Japanese adventure. And to those who want confirmation of that view, and the grounds for it, we commend a new and extremely well-informed book by Colonel Etherton and Mr. Hessell Tiltman, *Japan: Mistress of the Pacific?* (Jarrolds, 16*s*.). There is set out with all fairness the desperate economic urge, as well as the political motives, behind this invasion of the continent. There Japan's own internal position and her financial weakness are analysed. And there in detail is exposed the danger that her advance threatens not only to China but the Western Powers who have trading and territorial interests in the Pacific. Though much precious time has been wasted in humbug and delusion, it is still not too late to check the advance. The United States Government has now agreed to co-operate with the League. But is co-operation going to mean action or only thumb-twiddling?

Mr. Roosevelt and the Banks

The American banks have been gradually re-opening this week, under the restrictions imposed by President Roosevelt's emergency measures. Foreign exchange dealings have been resumed under fairly strict regulations; and the fears of a drastic devaluation of the dollar have been for the time removed. Only banks adjudged "sound" are being allowed to re-open their doors, and there are some notable absentees from the roll of banks which are again doing business. The most important of these so far is the Harriman Bank in New York, whose leading figure has been placed under arrest on a charge of falsifying returns. Several big banks are following the lead of the Chase and the National City in separating their banking business from that of their "affiliates" dealing in securities; and there is evidently to be a dead set at the carrying on of stock speculation by banks which attempt to do ordinary deposit business. So far, Mr. Roosevelt appears to be tackling the situation with both skill and courage, and to be making some headway in the fight against hoarding. But his troubles are still largely ahead of him; if he tries to introduce branch banking on a large scale there will be powerful opposition to overcome. This opposition is silenced for the moment by the crisis; but as soon as the immediate difficulties have been dealt with it is certain to become articulate.

Beer Again

By asking Congress to declare that beer with an alcoholic content of 4 per cent. by volume (3.2 per cent. by weight) is not intoxicating, Mr. Roosevelt has taken an effective step toward lightening the country's mood of depression. Although the declaration is simply a falsehood (as will doubtless be proved *ad nauseam* on the first gaudy nights when the price of beer returns to fivepence a pint), and although the thirty to sixty million pounds which the beer-tax will bring the exchequer is an inconsiderable sum when compared with the American deficit, the death of the long-hated prohibition will seem like the beginning of a new era, and may well become so in fact. Already the newspapers are full of new advertisements; the breweries are borrowing money to expand their plants and are taking on new men. The numbers, of course, are inconsiderable; but the effect of a widely advertised business expansion is profound. The current number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* has a note by one of America's best-known dieticians to the effect that beer is a product of almost magic beneficence. The American public has a talent for believing things. Fifteen years ago it was accepted that alcohol in any form must blacken the bloodstream and distort the liver. To-day the cry is, "Beer is Good for You." That happy thought should have a notable effect on the nation's mind, if not on its body.

The Moscow Arrests

The arrest of a number of Englishmen, together with many Russians, in the employ of Metro-Vickers in Moscow is a deplorable business from every point of view. It is incredible to us that these British experts were engaged in a conspiracy of sabotage—no more precise information regarding their alleged crimes is yet available. It is possible, of course, that the G.P.U., the political police, acted without the knowledge of the Government. It is possible that they made an honest mistake. It is possible, on the other hand, that the coup was deliberately planned *pour épater les bourgeois* and to provide scapegoats for somebody's blunders. But in any case it hardly seems the way to strengthen the delicate relations between Great Britain and the U.S.S.R., or to forward the negotiations for a trade agreement. There is happily no reason to think that these Englishmen are in danger of their lives; but a great deal more light is wanted on the whole affair. We hope that Mr. Baldwin's solemn warning on Wednesday will result in the necessary explanations and—unless there is really something substantial in this charge—in the prompt release of the prisoners.

The Pinch of Plenty

Mr. Maxton's speech on "widespread poverty" was listened to in the House with an attention that few Cabinet

Ministers can command. No one attempted to interrupt or indeed to answer his analysis of the crisis of 1931. Quoting the authority of Sir Henry Strakosch he said that in July 1931 "there were in the markets of the world goods sufficient to maintain the people of the world on the standards to which they were accustomed for two years and three months following, supposing no stroke of work was done in the interval. Then came the crisis. From the beginning of history men had dreamed of an age of plenty. It arrived in July 1931, and immediately the statesmen cried 'Crisis!' The world's markets are glutted with goods. Tighten your belts and face privation." No answer was made to that indictment of our economic system. What answer is possible?

Spending and Saving

The Conference of Local Authorities which met this week in London to consider the problem of Public Assistance passed, by a very large majority, a resolution that "the best form of assistance to the able-bodied is the provision of productive work, and this Conference calls on the Government to take steps immediately to make the necessary finances available." The Minister of Health, who was at the Conference, made a speech denying the existence of any Government embargo on useful and productive schemes of work. The delegates seem to have remained sceptical about the Government's real intentions. In a sense there is, as Sir Hilton Young maintains, no embargo, and all schemes sent up by the local authorities are considered "on their merits." But, unhappily, there seem to be very few schemes capable, on their merits as evaluated by the Ministry of Health, of standing the required tests. Possibly the Minister's speech indicates that the Government is now prepared to apply a less exacting standard to schemes put forward by local bodies. The Government, to judge by Sir Hilton Young's speech, has moved to some extent in theory. But how far has it moved in practice towards the policy of wise productive spending on which almost all impartial opinion is agreed?

Slow-going in Lancashire

The cotton spinners, who some years ago abandoned as hopeless the policy of organised short time imposed by voluntary agreement over the whole trade, are now trying to introduce it again for both the American and the Egyptian section; but it is very doubtful whether the necessary majority will be secured, or whether, even if it is, the limitation will be widely enough observed in practice to produce any result. Most people in Lancashire seem now to have abandoned all hope of any real reorganisation in the cotton industry, and to have settled down to years of waiting until bankruptcy and decay have been given time to destroy the obsolete and redundant firms. The trade will not act as a whole; and there is no hope of the present Government acting either; and therefore attrition is the only way out. That seems to be Lancashire's mood at present. Meanwhile, the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission is moving on very cautiously towards the actual use of the compulsion which it has threatened again and again to apply. It has not touched any of the larger coalfields; and it is still arguing with the owners in the smaller fields which it decided to tackle first. Cannot it be persuaded to speed matters up? Fortunately, there is now some hope that its work may not be complicated after all by a general dispute in the coalfields when the existing wage guarantees expire in July. South Wales wages are already settled till next year; and the Lancashire owners have now announced that they will seek no further reductions this summer. If the same promises were given for all the coalfields it would be of the greatest help both in arranging forward contracts, and in improving relations between owners and men with a view to the future. Many of the owners are aware that miners' wages are already so low that they cannot be cut further without disaster. Cannot all the owners be induced to admit this before a crisis has time to develop?

Irish Troubles

An Irish correspondent writes: Several disquieting things have happened here during the past two or three weeks. In Belfast a policeman, endeavouring to arrest men suspected of a raid on premises of the Great Northern Railway Company, was mortally wounded by pistol fire; a few days later a passenger train of the same Company was derailed near Omagh. These outrages have been roundly denounced by the railway men's representatives, as was the previous wrecking of a train near Dundalk. Nor, so far as I know, is there any evidence that strikers were concerned in them. Unfortunately there exist, on both sides of the border, people to whom the dispute offers a welcome opportunity of fishing in troubled waters. Even more ominous, because the act of a responsible Government, is the dismissal of General O'Duffy from the Commissionership of the Civic Guard—an office which he had held ever since, soon after the birth of the Free State, there was substituted for the old R.I.C. an unarmed police force. Inasmuch as the success of that bold venture is recognised as largely attributable to General O'Duffy, and inasmuch as Mr. De Valera has explicitly stated that no charge of misconduct is made against him, most people see in the affair the hand of the I.R.A., whose weekly newspaper *An Poblacht* (The Republic) had been loudly demanding his removal. This action of the Executive Council is ill-calculated to reassure those who, while convinced that Mr. De Valera desires to govern impartially, have always doubted if he would prove able to resist the pressure of extremists.

Housing Study Visits

Last Saturday the first party of about thirty readers were shown some of the slum clearances in the St. Pancras and Marylebone areas, afterwards visiting the L.C.C. estate at Watling, with its recently opened Social Institute, and later Welwyn Garden City, where the planning of the town was explained and different types of houses inspected. This Saturday (March 18) a larger party is making a similar tour, substituting the Kensington area for Marylebone. This party will meet at Friends' House, Euston Road at 10.30 a.m., returning to their starting point at about 6 p.m. A third party is being organised for Friday, March 24, and any readers who can definitely come on that day are invited to write at once to the Manager, *N.S. & N.*, 10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2. The cost per head is 7s. 6d., including lunch, tea and the coach.

MILITARY CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE

THE world has long been groaning under miseries inflicted by the treaties of 1919—even worse miseries than were foreseen by Mr. Keynes in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. To-day it is faced with another terror, the military consequences of the peace. The Nazi triumph in Germany has set the alarm bells ringing all over Europe. It has dealt a heavy blow at plans of disarmament, already feeble enough; it has quickened old fears and hatreds and stimulated new hopes of revenge and reconquest. It has brought talk of the "next war" out of the debating hall into the market place. That is not to say that we believe war to be close or inevitable or that Herr Hitler wants war. He has just put a belated but welcome ban on the excesses of his followers; we hope that he will be able to curb their zeal for provocation abroad as well as for persecution at home. But even so the situation remains full of peril, and it will require all the statesmanship that we can muster up—and something more, if we are to judge our statesmen by their recent performances—to avert catastrophe.

There are two main danger spots on the Continent—the Danzig Corridor in the north and the Danube region in the centre. The "Free City of Danzig," cut out of the body of Prussia, was an inane creation of the victors in the great war. There were arguments for it, of course, but they were bad arguments. Danzig is politically and culturally nearly a hundred per cent. German, whilst economically it is tied—or the Poles are striving to tie it—to Poland, and it is a grievance that has never ceased to rankle in the German heart. The recent trouble in the Corridor, it is true, has been smoothed over by the League; but nobody imagines that it is done with. This fantastic regime is a standing menace to Europe. The Germans will not acquiesce in it; the Poles will die in the last ditch for it. France, allied as she is with Poland, might regard an attack on it as a *casus belli*, though this is not quite so certain now as it would once have been. The League of Nations in any case is charged with the duty of upholding it against forcible change.

In the centre of Europe the position is more complicated but no less critical. Here the Succession States which did best out of the war are ranged against those who did worst. The Little Entente, designed to protect the interests of its three members, is regarded as a challenge to the interests of others. Italy is suspicious of it. France, which was its patron, has cooled off. Italy supports Hungary and to a less extent Bulgaria; Italy is at daggers drawn with Jugoslavia, and Jugoslavia herself is threatened, by the antagonism of Croats and Serbs, with internal convulsions. Austria, that head without a trunk, has long been kept in a state of uneasy quiet by the efforts of the League and the Great Powers. She is now again a centre of anxiety—with a Nazi movement excited by the revolution in Germany, a Christian-Social Government exercising semi-dictatorial powers, and hopes of a Habsburg restoration lurking behind the scenes. Austria, weak as she is in herself, has an immense diplomatic and strategic importance. She is a wedge between Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, a link between Italy and Hungary and Germany. The *Anschluss* has been staved off successfully by France, and it has not hitherto been favoured by Italy. But with Germany gone Fascist, Signor Mussolini may well see matters with a different eye. It is evident, anyhow, that he has now a commanding influence, and much will depend on how he decides to use it.

To trace the blunders and crimes that have brought us to this pass is easy enough. They began in the council chambers of Paris in 1919, when M. Clemenceau, Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson devised the treaties of Versailles and St. Germain and Trianon. They were pursued, when M. Clemenceau and President Wilson were dead and Mr. Lloyd George had come on to the side of sanity, by French Governments intent on the suppression of Germany and the establishment of France as the master of Europe. The Germans must pay, and if they demurred they must be coerced. The Germans must respect the treaty, in spirit and in letter, and if they protested, or if they were impudent enough to ask why we others must not also respect the treaty—that clause of it in particular which pledges us to disarm—their complaints could be ignored. Security, security for France, must be maintained at all costs, and not only maintained but increased. In this fatuous and fatal policy Great Britain was at first a complaisant, then a reluctant, partner. Eventually we broke with it, but we never found, or made, the opportunity for taking a bold lead for the appeasement of feuds and a new settlement. It was not until the mischief had gone far and deep that it was realised, by France as well as others, that the game was up—that Germany could not be bled and crushed in perpetuity, that reparations must be wiped out and disarmament taken seriously. Even then there was not enough courage or sense to take disarmament seriously, and the result is the grim irony of a France, desperate for peace, defied by her old victim, suspect by and suspicious of her former satellites, begging again for our assistance.

But it is no use for those of us, who from the very outset predicted such a situation, to cry "Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin!" Even were France alone to blame, which of course she is not, we are all involved in the military consequences of the peace, and we are all bound to do what we can to prevent their culminating in a general calamity. Let there be no mistake about this. There are voices urging a *sauve qui peut*, and pretending that we can save ourselves by withdrawing from the European bear garden, leaving the bears to devour each other as they will, and carrying on "business as usual" in our own snug little island or our far flung Empire. That unfortunately is an impossibility. Any question of honour or humanity apart, we cannot find safety by isolation. We cannot fail to be affected, and disastrously affected, by war on the Continent. We cannot even fail to be affected, to our great detriment, by the continuance of the precarious armed truce that exists to-day. On the other hand it should be made clear beyond all shadow of doubt that this country is not going to be a party to any alliance, open or secret, on the Continent. There must be no toying with a revival of the Anglo-French Entente, or with any pledge or commitment beyond what we have already undertaken. Locarno is quite enough—perhaps more than enough. It is certainly not out business to pull France's chestnuts out of the fire; what we need to do is to extinguish the fire.

But how are we to extinguish the fire? It does not help

much to say " Stand by the League." The League, as we have only too good reason to know, is not a machine that works miracles. It is the Powers that compose it—France, Italy, Germany, Poland and the rest of us. And if these Powers are standing not by, but against, each other, the League means nothing; we might as well be asked to stand by the Order of the Garter.

Of course, the League has not totally ceased to function, and we hope that it will not. But at this moment—and the moment is critical—it is practically impotent as a peace-making body. It will become potent when its principal members are agreed on the two things which alone offer a chance of lasting peace. The first is a measure of disarmament that will prevent the re-arming of Germany. The second is a revision of the peace treaties that will right the flagrant wrongs done fourteen years ago. Both are difficult—the one because of the fears and jealousies that obsess every nation, the other because revision of the treaties obviously means gain to some at the price of loss to others—and loss for which it will be hard to find compensation. Nevertheless, revision there will have to be, either peaceably or by force, and the sooner that is recognised the better. British statesmen, whether at Geneva or conversing in Paris or in Rome, when they go there to meet Signor Mussolini, can do no harm, and may do great good, by declaring that they stand for the first alternative. If they do not stand for it, then they do not represent British public opinion.

HOUSING—SOME CONCLUSIONS

THE proposal to form a National Housing Corporation or Board has been canvassed from various points of view in recent issues of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION; but, as Dr. Robson pointed out in a very pertinent letter printed in our columns, it is not yet clear what form this Corporation is to take, or that the various advocates are in reality united in support of a single scheme. They agree that far too few houses are being built at present, that most of these houses are far beyond the means of those who stand in most urgent need of new accommodation, and that the Government's latest measure can be more properly characterised as an Anti-Housing than as a Housing Bill. They are also apparently at one in urging that some new body should be created to play an important part in the development of a forward housing policy; but examination of the articles which they have contributed reveals certain large disagreements about the nature of this new body, and fails to clear up a considerable amount of ambiguity surrounding the project.

First it is obviously important to decide whether the National Housing Corporation is intended primarily (*a*) itself to build houses, (*b*) to own houses built for it by private builders, (*c*) to finance the building of houses by other bodies, (*d*) to supervise the working out of housing and slum clearance schemes, without itself providing the finance, or (*e*) to combine some or all of these various functions? If (*a*), then the virtual nationalisation of a considerable section of the building industry is involved. If (*b*), this necessity does not arise, but the Corporation is destined speedily to become the greatest landlord in the country. If (*c*), the new body would appear as a cross between an extended Public Works Loan Board and a National Investment Board for housing purposes. If (*d*), we are faced with an embryonic organ of a system of National Planning, applied to a single, and not easily soluble, aspect of the national economy. And finally, if (*e*), it has to be considered how far these various functions are suitable for combination in the hands of a single body.

For (*a*), the creation of a national building corporation, which will actually employ labour in building houses on a large scale all over the country, there is a great deal to be said. But there is little doubt that a material reduction in housing costs could be secured—and there is no reason why design and quality should not be approved as well—by the standardisation of the supply of a large number of housing materials and requisites, and the production of houses to a greater extent under factory conditions. All standard housing schemes need not have the disadvantages of the Weir scheme; and the building industry stands more in need of rationalisation and mechanisation than any other. Yet it is quite impossible to expect that the present Government could, under any conditions, support the creation of a body on these lines; the proposal would be hardly less collectivist if it were to be carried out through a public utility corporation than if it were put directly under the management of the Ministry of Health. Clearly, then, as far as the project has support in official quarters, it is not contemplated that the new body would become a large-scale employer of building labour. Faithful to private enterprise, the Government would insist on its working through the industry as it exists to-day. We can, therefore, rule out (*a*), however desirable it may be, as a proposal at all likely to be adopted under present circumstances.

What of (*b*)? Is the Corporation designed to become a great public landlord, getting houses built for it by private builders (and doubtless influencing the trade towards more efficient methods of organisation and construction), and thereafter renting out these houses to working-class tenants? Such a plan would have grave disadvantages. It would mean that the Corporation would exist as a landlord side by side with every local authority that has built houses to let; and, while its presence might introduce greater uniformity into the rents charged in different areas, there seems to be more to be said for local bodies, more open to the pressure of local opinion, as public landlords than for a centralised corporation acting over the whole country.

This objection might be met by (*c*); for the National Housing Corporation, instead of ordering and owning houses itself, might work through a series of local or regional corporations, to which it would advance the funds required. There would then be, in every area, a local or regional public or semi-public body, acting as landlord, and perhaps taking over the houses at present owned and let by local authorities. This would amount to a proposal, corresponding to what has been done in certain continental countries, for handing over the building of working-class houses to public utility corporations, rather on the lines of Welwyn Garden City and certain industrial housing schemes already in being. But would the local authorities wish to hand over their houses and their housing organisation to such bodies? And is it desirable that that they should, in view of the great success achieved in many areas by municipal housing enterprise? And is it desirable, where the municipalities have built up an effective housing organisation, to set up a new one side by side with it? Why not use the organisation that already exists? There is indeed a strong case, where new towns or settlements are to be built at a distance from existing towns, for giving greater help than in the past to public utility societies of the Welwyn type; and a National Housing Corporation, as a financing and co-ordinating agency, might be of great use in this field. But, as far as existing urban areas are concerned, it had far better work through the municipalities than apart.

Might not, then, a Housing Corporation be set up to take over and develop further the financing of local housing schemes so far carried on through the Public Works Loan Board? It might; but at once there arises the question of the terms on which the money is to be made available. If the Corporation were to charge a commercial rate of interest, there is no reason to suppose that it would be of any real help in enabling the local authorities to build houses of the types most urgently needed. If, indeed, as Mr. Coppock suggested in his article, the necessary sums were raised by taxation and supplied free of interest for housing purposes, a great deal could be done to supply houses within the means of the poorer wage-earners;

and the same result might be secured if the State agreed to bear the interest and sinking fund charges after the money had been borrowed from the public. But both these proposals involve in effect the continuance of the housing subsidy which, except for slum clearance, the Government has just abolished; and there is no reason to suppose that on this point the Government has changed its mind.

It is suggested that the National Housing Corporation could get its finance through the Building Societies, which are known to be finding difficulty in discovering satisfactory outlets for the huge funds at their disposal. But the Building Societies have assuredly not the smallest intention of lending money free of interest (how could they?) or even at cheap rates. Borrowing through them is likely to be appreciably more costly than borrowing on the money market, at any rate on the assumption that the State is prepared to guarantee for a period of years the interest on the National Housing Corporation's issues. It is certainly no business of the State to find remunerative outlets for the Building Societies' funds; and it is not easy to see any service which these Societies could usefully perform in the provision of cheap houses for poor tenants, or in connection with slum clearance schemes. If there is to be a National Housing Corporation as a financing body, it had far best raise its money directly, with the guarantee of the State behind it, unless indeed the Government is prepared to take Mr. Coppock's advice and place interest-free capital at its disposal.

Even so, though the money could be borrowed at perhaps 3½ per cent., we can see no reason at all for supposing that houses of the types most needed could be built without the aid of a subsidy. There is something to be said for a National Housing Corporation as a money-raising agency, if the Government is prepared to subsidise it or the local authorities and public utility societies to which it supplies loans. Without such a subsidy the project is certain to be of no effect.

There remains the possibility (*d*)—the creation of a National Housing Corporation neither to build, nor to finance the building of, houses, but purely as a planning and co-ordinating body. As believers in national planning, we naturally favour the planning of housing schemes on a co-ordinated national basis. What is needed, however, is not a plan for housing alone, but a housing plan drawn up in close relation to the requirements of a planned scheme of economic development. Planned housing is impossible until it is known where houses will be needed; and this implies the knowledge of the future location of industries, the development of transport facilities, and, in short, the outline of a general economic plan. A national planning body for housing alone could, in the absence of such a general plan, achieve very little; and its creation, with anything more than advisory functions, would certainly be resented and resisted by the local authorities, unless it were introduced as part of a more comprehensive economic plan for industry as a whole.

It remains true that it may be worth while to constitute a National Housing Corporation, with some of the functions discussed in this article, provided that it is made clear in advance what the new body is for, and provided certain minimum conditions are fully satisfied. The first, and most important, of these conditions is the provision of some sort of subsidy, if not directly to the local authorities or private builders, as in the past, then in the form of advances of capital either without interest or at interest rates so low as to enable the houses built with it to be let at rents which the poorer working-class tenants can afford to pay. But, even so, it would be best to leave the ownership and the arrangements for the building of the houses for the most part to the local authorities, except where new towns are to be built, and to use the Corporation as an agency for raising capital under State guarantee and distributing it to these authorities, with some control over the schemes to be approved and over the conditions of the supply and pricing of builders' materials. It would be a different matter if the proposal to set the Corporation to work actually building houses, as a gigantic public employer, could be regarded as immediately practicable. If it cannot, the only case for a Corporation is for a body of the type we have just described.

Finally, we agree emphatically with Sir Ernest Simon when he argues that schemes of slum clearance provide by themselves absolutely no help in combating the wider problem of overcrowding and bad housing conditions, and that the urgent need is, side by side with slum clearance, to press on with plans for increasing greatly the total supply of houses that can be let at low rents to the poorer working-class tenants. Much of the talk about using the Building Societies, which are totally useless for this purpose, or setting up a Housing Corporation is, we fear, designed only to cover up the basic fact of the Government's complete refusal to take action along these lines. Accordingly, while we agree that there may be a case for setting up a special authority to deal with the housing problem, we are entirely unsympathetic to all plans for taking the housing question outside the range of political pressure, or for setting up agencies which can at most only add to the supply of middle-class houses, as means of dealing with the real and tragic conditions of overcrowding which exist to-day among the poorer workers, undiminished by all the housing activities of the years since the war.

A LONDON DIARY

IN the pleasantly modernist Listeners' Hall at Broadcasting House—a tub of lilacs on one hand and a couple of Scotland Yard detectives on the other—I listened last Saturday to the violently opposed statements of Mr. Matsuoka and Mr. Quo Tai-chi about Manchuria. Safety First dictated that the speakers should broadcast from separate studios, each stating his case in a ten minutes' talk. There was no single point of agreement between them. Mr. Matsuoka, for all his insistence on "the realities" of the question, appealed almost entirely to sentiment. He contended that Japan was acting in the best interests of the whole world in thus adopting "internal police measures" in Manchuria—a province whose present prosperity was entirely due to the investment there of Japanese capital. If the question was asked, Why did not Japan bring the Manchurian question into the League? the answer was: For the same reason that Great Britain did not, in 1927, bring the Shanghai question into the League. In fact, why the League should make such a fuss about Jehol at all quite passed Mr. Matsuoka's comprehension; but in any case, he concluded, "It has proved a storm in a teacup—it is almost over now." Mr. Quo Tai-chi denied the assertion that China was anti-foreign; on the contrary, it was the militarist leaders of Japan who wanted to expel the white races from the East. Japan's policy was one of conquest on the mainland of Asia, and she depended on a weak and distraught China. And if it was true, as Japan alleged, that she was the only organised State in the East, why was it that she had recently been so riddled with unrest and assassination? With a twinkle in his voice, Mr. Quo Tai-chi reminded his listeners that whereas, upon his arrival at Geneva, Mr. Matsuoka had seemed to imply that Japan was a saviour dying to save mankind, at his departure he was content to liken her to the Woman who had Sinned. In conclusion, Mr. Quo Tai-chi appealed to Great Britain to make a moral stand by refusing diplomatic or financial and trade help to the aggressor. "Perhaps," he said, "by so doing she can end the war and wipe out all war from the future annals of mankind."

* * *

Sir John Simon referred the other day in the House to the "horrible trade in death," and he has now informed one of the M.P.s who has most often bothered him about the traffic in arms that he has read the *Secret International* (the Union of Democratic Control's pamphlet on the activities of armament firms) and that, as a result of its cold facts, he has sold out his shares in Imperial Chemical Industries. He has realised that I.C.I. has been playing, through its sub-

sidiary companies, a large part in arming the Far East, and that his possession of armament shares has been widely circulated in the United States and done much damage to his reputation there. I am wondering whether Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Sir Austen Chamberlain, both of whom are mentioned as I.C.I. shareholders in the *Secret International*, have followed or are going to follow his example. I am told that Lord Hailsham has already sold out his Vickers shares. It is encouraging to notice how much influence a single pamphlet may have: the *Secret International* is going all round the world, has been translated into German, Hungarian, Dutch and other languages. I understand that a sequel is in preparation. It will deal with the arming of the world during the sitting of the Disarmament Conference.

* * *

You would expect a war inside the newspaper industry to be the noisiest kind of fight, but in fact very few people have even heard of the struggle between the *Sunday Referee* and the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. Scarcely a paper, except, of course, the *Sunday Referee*, has mentioned it. If the *Referee* dies it will have been strangled as silently as the errant members of Abdul Hamid's harem. The cause of the row appears to be that the *Referee* refuses to abandon "sponsored" concerts on Sundays from Radio Paris—a form of advertising barred by the N.P.A. for reasons which I myself regard as sufficient. The *Referee* appears to be in the wrong about the particular issue. But the fight itself is important, since it will prove whether a newspaper can exist without the use of the special trains and car services which the N.P.A. provides. These are usually thought to be indispensable to any widely circulated newspaper. So far the *Referee* is putting up an astonishing fight. Its offices are buzzing with dramatic stories of the shifts the paper has been driven to in organising an independent service. I gather that motor cycles are the main standby, but that motor launches, cars and special trains all come into it. I wish the *Referee* had a better case in fighting this David and Goliath battle, but I cannot help hoping that some arrangement will be made and that it will survive. For it is one of the most interesting of Sunday papers: to find people like Bertrand Russell and Aldous Huxley writing regularly in a Sunday paper is an unusual pleasure.

* * *

These are revolutionary days. The *Daily Telegraph* tells us of "volcanic" happenings in Mayfair, where thirty-five young women have formed a "junior Committee" to reorganise the "Victorian" balls planned by their mothers.

> The Chairman and the Vice-Chairman of the Junior Committee, Miss Merial Dalrymple-White and Miss Elizabeth Clifton Brown, have merry eyes and infectious laughs that hide an iron purpose—to rescue their mothers from the fruits of their follies. "We must have a sit-down supper. How can you make a dance go on beer and sausages?" demanded Miss Clifton Brown. "Extravagant," said the mothers. "Only practical," replied Miss ——, with a firm smile. When the season is over she is going in for politics (her father is M.P. for Newbury).

* * *

I hear that the following explanation of the difference between an economist and a stockbroker is going about in New York, but it might do just as well here.

> An economist is a man who knows a great deal about very little, and he goes on knowing more and more about less and less until he knows everything about nothing. But a broker is a man who knows very little about a great deal, and he goes on knowing less and less about more and more until he ends by knowing nothing about everything.

* * *

Barter is a natural and rapidly spreading development of the economic breakdown. The latest and, I think, oddest developments may be seen in the "Give and Take" advertisements in the *Daily Express*.

> A brass cornet and lessons given for white lead.
>
> Artist offers original portrait, mural or commercial designs, for replenished, feminine wardrobe.
>
> Dante's "Inferno, Purgatory and Paradise," in thirty-six parts (unbound); will exchange for anything useful.
>
> Framed pictures or canary mule in cage for second-hand banjo.

Here, surely, is a new type of problem. Reconstruct the circumstances which led to these advertisements.

* * *

> The first place in speed contests is the most effective certificate of how a nation copes with the practical issues of the modern world. So long as we can provide both the fastest car and the nerve and skill to drive it, we need feel no distrust of ourselves.—*Observer*, March 12th.

* * *

> Captain Brook stated to a *Sunday Times* representative yesterday that they had had a most enjoyable and successful expedition. They had shot ten or a dozen different specimens of big game, including a very rare animal, the barkeri.—*Sunday Times*, March 12th.

CRITIC

CLEANING-UP AMERICA

To the eyes of the distant observer in England, America has passed through a sharp financial crisis, at once more dramatic and more devastating than that which overtook our own country in 1931. With this emergency President Roosevelt, as it seems, has dealt promptly and effectively. His measures were intelligent; his gestures were imposing; he was implicitly obeyed and universally trusted. The crisis, accordingly, is over. The hoarders have disgorged their stores; the bigger banks are open; the dollar on the world's exchanges is quoted at a normal rate. Perceiving all this, the distant observer heaves a sigh of relief, thanks Providence that one half at least of this planet is relatively sane and therefore uninteresting, and then proceeds to concentrate his attention on the agony of Europe and the madness of Japan.

The distant observer, through no fault of his own, is making a mistake. The crisis is not over. The closing of the banks and the momentary eclipse of the dollar were not the crisis; they were merely symptoms. The real problem that confronts Mr. Roosevelt and the nation that elected him is something very much graver and vastly more interesting than this affair of the banks. It is psychologically a problem of leadership. The banks that closed their doors were an apt symbol of a society that knows itself to be a confessed anarchy, a leaderless herd, a structureless heap. For the moment it has a dictator. Presidents are elected for a term of four years, but dictators are the focus of a struggle for existence that has no close season. Their span is prescribed by no written constitution. The material problem, on the other hand, is primarily one of internal debt, and it has not been touched.

Leadership is the central issue. If one knew America fairly well, as I had learned to know it, in its days of prosperity, one reckoned on the reality of two forces. The first of these, supreme, unchallenged and almost unchallengeable, was Big Business. Not only did it choose the President; it usually nominated his rival. It was the only force that men respected, and save for the gangsters, the only power that men obeyed. It wrote the laws; it also broke them. Better still, through its nominees on the Supreme Court, it interpreted them. In prosperity not only did the average citizen bow down to it; his obeisance was loyal and cheerful. He had adapted himself successfully to this singular form of government, and the proof that he had done so lay in the fact that under this sovereign his energies were fully evoked. The second of these forces was Congress. Negative at the best, inconspicuous always, it would spring to life as an instrument of obstruction in periods of anarchy. Incapable itself of motion, creation, or positive action of any kind, it served as a danger signal. During an interregnum it will swing its red light with more zeal than judgment, till every road is blocked.

Returning to America at the end of January, after an absence of two years, I realised that Big Business had been deposed. It retained, indeed, its command over men's lives latent in its ownership of the machines: it could still cut wages, and lock out its employees. There its power stopped. Its empire

over men's minds had gone. Subject to it still (for they can live only by its permission), they were no longer loyal or even respectful lieges. Thirteen millions of them had escaped from its direct jurisdiction; they were unemployed, and had begun to practise self-help in the shape of schemes for the direct barter of their labour against the unsaleable food of the equally desperate farmers. The latter, overwhelmed by debts secured on their lands, or stock, were swinging into open militancy. I passed through Iowa while its farmers were meeting, with set faces and Judge Lynch's rope in their pockets, to render every attempt at foreclosure futile. The rope was never needed; no lawyer dared defy these gatherings. When the Legislature of Iowa declared a moratorium till 1935, the Western farmers knew that they had defeated "the East," which is their synonym for Big Business.

The popularity of Technocracy reflected the disillusion of the average man. One may criticise the exaggerations, confusions and evasions of this new doctrine, but with them all it offered to explain why the existing economic system can never combine prosperity with stability. Its constructive proposals made an end at one swoop of all private accumulation of wealth, together with interest, investment and debt. For several weeks this entire nation was fascinated. The movies illustrated the new idea. I saw in San Francisco bookshops and "news-stands" which gave up their entire windows to a display of its pamphlets and books. Outside them little crowds would gather for improvised debates in the street. On ten consecutive days the most popular of the Californian dailies gave up its front page to an exposition of Technocracy. This craze has now had its vogue, but while it lasted it served to show how loose the average man's allegiance has become to all the assumptions and beliefs that he accepted without question two or three years ago. Of Socialism he is still afraid, but he has no veneration left for the old planless competitive profit-seeking system. It has broken down, and from the leadership of his former idols he is completely emancipated. In the old days, in any difficulty, national or international, one called in Mr. Owen D. Young or Mr. Lamont or General Dawes to tell the nominal rulers of this Republic what to do. No one thinks of consulting them to-day.

The last shock to the plain man's confidence in the leadership of Big Business was administered by Mr. Charles Mitchell, the head of the National City Bank of New York, which had ranked in the general estimation as the soundest, as it is the biggest, of the commercial banks. He made before the Senate's Committee of Inquiry a series of staggering admissions. He confessed to a dirty fraud on the revenue; his bank was deeply involved in the fortunes of speculative investment companies; it had "advanced" millions to him and his fellow directors without interest or security to finance their private speculations. If even this bank was so ill-conducted, whom or what could one trust? The most conservative were cured at last of their loyalty to the old regime by these revelations, which were the starting point of the nation-wide "run" on the banks.

At the exact psychological moment the hero appeared, offering to "the forgotten man" a "new deal." One can see in retrospect that the unprecedented vote of last November against Mr. Hoover reflected much more than his personal unpopularity. He had been the nominee of Big Business, and now in the ritual of the election he served as scape-goat. The sins of Insull, of the General Electric, of the House of Morgan, the Steel Trust and Standard Oil were solemnly laid on his head. The cry for a dictator was audible in a rapid crescendo, until in the last week of panic and collapse it grew to a roar. Franklin Roosevelt was its man of destiny. An aristocrat from an old Dutch family, he neither belonged to Big Business, nor was he a professional politician. As Governor of New York State he had fought the Electrical Power Trust. As for Congress and the regular politicians of both parties, the general feeling was one of angry contempt. Hoover had been resourceless and inert, but Congress had been obstructive and self-contradictory. Let it gracefully stand aside and efface itself, on pain of being violently pushed aside.

For some weeks or months, Mr. Roosevelt can do as he pleases; Congress dare not oppose him, and Big Business lies prone and silent. He must deal first of all with the mountainous burden of debt, the skyscraper structure of credit. Cool estimates suggest that the capital wealth of the United States has shrunk during the slump from perhaps 400 billion dollars to 200 billions or less. On this is secured a total of debt, public and private, of something over 150 billions, which grows daily under one's eyes. Half the farmers are hopelessly bankrupt; most of the railways are so manifestly ruined that even the Hearst press proposes to nationalise them; of the banks (totalling nearly 20,000), the majority of the smaller concerns are doomed; no one knows how long the insurance companies will stand. Some call for the drastic scaling down of debt, and this as regards farm and house mortgages will certainly be done. Others call for inflation, and this has already, in a prudent form, begun. The veneration for gold, however, survives, and even to reduce the gold content of the dollar, as the farmers demand, would not solve the debt problem completely, since many contracts, both public and private, stipulate for repayment in a given weight of "fine gold." No clean or simple solution is possible, and Mr. Roosevelt will have to mix partial deflation with moderate inflation.

The President's ambitions, however, sweep far beyond monetary policy. He talks of "planning"; the key word in his inaugural address was "supervision." He stands, in short, for a controlled capitalism, with supposedly disinterested national authorities, planning and checking banking, investment, transport, agriculture, and "natural resources" (meaning chiefly hydro-electric power). He has plans for national works on a big scale which combine irrigation, drainage and power supply, and promise, at a moment when millions of acres of bankrupt farms lie fallow, to bring fresh millions under the plough. The balance of urban and rural population is to be redressed. At a moment when cotton-growers are told to plough-in one row in three, and Californian fruit-growers are ordered by the Trusts to cut down a proportion of their trees, Mr. Roosevelt proposes to lure the unemployed to Tennessee.

I do not know how to rationalise this programme. Who is to eat the additional food that will be grown? Is the dictator reckoning on a restoration and expansion of the world-market? On the contrary, his address seemed to hint at an American policy of self-sufficiency—though he will try to lower tariffs. Finally, can this ambitious scheme of planning and control succeed, without an experienced and trustworthy Civil Service? That is the first essential step in any advance beyond the "rugged individualism" of the chaotic past. Has Mr. Roosevelt realised that, and if he has, for how long can he manage Congress without the discipline of patronage?

The chances are that the ordering and consolidation of the banks may actually restore the temporarily shattered power of Big Business, which rests, after all, on the brute fact of ownership. To clean up America is a service primarily to those who own it.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE REFEREE

IT is commonly believed that the mediaeval schoolmen spent a great part of their lives in discussing such questions as: "How many angels could dance on the point of a very fine needle without jostling one another?" I am a less assiduous student of mediaeval theology than I ought to be, but I am convinced that the schoolmen occasionally occupied their brains with graver issues than that. At the same time, even if the problem of the angels and the needle had been a typical subject of their debates, I should not regard this as a foolish waste of the intellect. Life is full of intricate problems, and we may help to train the mind to deal with them by thinking over such comparatively simple ones as I have

quoted. To-day, according to Dr. Albert Schweitzer, we are living in an age the chief characteristic of which is the renunciation of thinking. Our problems become more numerous and more difficult: our solutions of them—in Germany just now, for instance—become less and less intelligent. We have lost even the intelligence to consume the goods we produce. It is as if the fox in the fable had found the grapes lying on a dish under his nose and then had not known how to eat them. Surely the theologians of the Middle Ages used their brains better than this.

I should like to see schools organised all over the world with a view to the revival of thinking. How good it would be to hear a body of men and women trained in the subtleties of argument discussing those problems that baffle Cabinet Ministers. One of the chief problems of the hour, I take it for example, is: "If the nearer we approach to disarmament the more money we have to spend on armaments, how could we afford the enormous armaments we should have to maintain in a world in which disarmament had become complete and universal?" A mediaeval schoolman might have solved that problem: no statesman in Europe is even attempting to solve it to-day. Yet, if disarmament continues at its present pace, it is the statesmen who will have to show us how to pay the bill

Another problem that is disturbing statesmen, but that only a trained thinker could solve, is: "What is the most efficient means of promoting a revival of international trade while at the same time each individual nation prevents foreign goods from entering its territory?" Even St. Thomas Aquinas would have found that a hard nut to crack.

I do not suggest that the pupils in the thinking schools should be faced all at once with problems so difficult of solution as these. They should begin rather with the simple problems of daily life, whether mathematical, psychological or ethical. At an early stage of their education, for example, I should set them the question—a question that has often puzzled me—"How many miles does a referee run in the course of an ordinary Rugby football match?" Many a time, as I have watched the referee running backwards and forwards in the wake of a ball that he alone on the field is not allowed to touch, I have marvelled that no one ever seems to give a thought to his astonishing and unceasing activity. A twenty-year-old forward will get more credit for running ten yards than a forty-year-old referee will get for flying from one end of the field to the other. Everybody else on the field gets an occasional rest. The full back is at times idle, the other players now and then drop out of the play for a second or so in despair. But everywhere the ball goes, the referee is bound to follow like a cat after a bird that it is not allowed to catch. And not only has he to run after the ball: he has also to run out of the way of other people who are running after it. If a graph were made of the referee's movements during a game I am inclined to think that it would be found that by the time the last whistle was blown he had run considerably farther than anybody else on the field.

When the pupils had solved this problem—only an approximate solution would, of course, be possible—they might then go on to consider the difficult psychological problem: "Why does anybody become a referee?" Why should any normally sane man voluntarily wear himself out with all those running, dancing and bending movements without any reward either in money or in the joy of contest? The conventional reply is: "For love of the game." This reply would be more convincing if it were not for the fact that the majority of those who love a game prefer, if they are not players, to be spectators, and so experience the joy of contest by proxy. It may be argued that the referee also would prefer to be a spectator, but that he sacrifices himself to the needs of sport. I do not believe this. I believe that there are men who are born with a passion for refereeing and who never feel so happy as when they are running about a field with a whistle. Can it be that there are men who are sent into the world enamoured of justice and happy only in its service? It may well be that the referee is a man destined to the pursuit of ideal fair play as the philosopher is destined to the pursuit of ideal truth. His scope in the world is, unfortunately, narrow. Such an idealist is seldom welcomed outside the playing-fields. For a time it was thought that the League of Nations was about to organise a system of referees who would superintend disputes between nations and who would, if necessary, order unruly players off the field. Such a referee was recently sent to Manchuria. Never was whistle blown more loudly—we heard it over here in Europe—but no notice was taken of it. Japanese players were ordered off the field, and the order was ignored. The goddess of fair play is as yet more effective at Twickenham than at Geneva. That is why the disciples of ideal justice devote to sport talents that in a better world they would put at the progress of international affairs.

It would be a mistake, however, to place the referee on a pedestal. Let us admit his passion for fair play without shutting our eyes to the possibility that, mingled with it, there is an element of self-love. Nothing can make a stronger appeal to a man's vanity than to be given a whistle and be told that everybody must obey it. During the game the referee has the powers of a Mussolini. He blows the whistle and the game stops. Let a player transgress the rules, and the referee with a terrific blast decrees the punishment of his side. Such is the power of his dictatorship that even his mistaken decisions have the force of law. If he says that a perfectly good try is not a try, all the players agree that it is not a try. If he allows a try that is obviously not a try at all, the players at once fall in with his decision. I am often filled with amazement at the moderation of referees entrusted with such unlimited powers. The referee may be only five feet four inches high, but he knows that he can order a giant of six and a half feet to leave the field, and that the giant will obey. Such powers, it might be expected, would go to the head of an ordinary human being. Yet almost the worst thing of which one ever sees a referee guilty is forgetting what his whistle is for and treating it as a musical instrument. There was an international match a few years ago in which the referee played a solo on his whistle right through the game.

That must be a very strong temptation. I sometimes watch boys playing football on heaths and commons, and notice how happy the referee looks when he gets a chance of putting the whistle into his mouth and blowing a long commanding blast on it. Orpheus with his lute did some wonderful things, but the referee with his whistle is as potent a magician. There are fields in the west, it is said, where his music sometimes fails to soothe the crowd into acquiescence, and I myself have heard a referee hooted like a bad performer. I fancy, however, that this, which would alarm a person of my temperament, only adds to the pleasure of the referee. It must be very pleasant for a perfectly just and courageous man to be able to infuriate a mob. I know men who so love to stand alone and to face fearful odds that, if they were referees and found that one of their decisions was hooted by the spectators they would deliberately follow it with another decision that would drive the spectators to frenzy.

Thus, if we think the matter out, we shall find that there are a score of good reasons for being a referee. Exhausting as it must be to race up and down a field for an hour and a half, there is, to balance this, boundless exhilaration in the knowledge that one is a controller of events, a man who must be obeyed. Now that we have solved this knotty problem may we not feel encouraged to advance stage by stage in our thinking till at the end of a few years the Sphinx herself will be unable to puzzle us? The disarmament problem, for instance—

Y. Y.

Mr. Laurence Housman's Victorian dialogue, which was announced as appearing in our Spring Books Number to-day, has been unavoidably held over until next week.

PRECEDENT AND PROGRESS

(as revealed in the failure of all efforts to secure a concerted Arms Embargo).

So forty States who solemnly decided
To sit in judgment on a public wrong,
And even dared (lest justice be derided)
To make their verdict tolerably strong,
Can find no practicable means provided
Of giving it more value than a song;
And should the guilty party choose to flout it,
Regret there's nothing they can do about it.

Well, well—the Priest and Levite freely used
Strong terms, no doubt, about the thieves' barbarity;
Regretted to see travellers thus abused
In flat defiance both of law and charity;
Deplored the late increase in crime, and mused
Upon the claims of social solidarity,
As, with self-preservation for their guide,
They passed sedately on the other side.

A useful precedent! Yet we have learned
A lot since then—commercially in chief.
Even our prudent pair, although they turned
From any scheme of practical relief,
Were unenlightened folk, who never earned
Big dividends, by furnishing the thief,
Even while they condemned his murderous mission,
With weapons of a deadlier precision.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

1914—1933

SIR,—In August 1914 the public opinion of this country overwhelmingly supported our entrance into a war to destroy German militarism, preserve the sanctity of the European treaties, vindicate the rights of weak nations, protect France ("our first line of defence")—all objects which we then declared were, beyond any possibility of doubt, indispensable to our own national safety. On behalf of that policy we paid a price of which bitter national impoverishment and the all but universal ruin around us is a reminder. After the war, with only slightly less unanimity, we insisted upon the punishment and enforced disarmament of Germany, acquiesced in the maintenance of the military predominance of France, and for years winked at or encouraged such French violences as the invasion of the Ruhr ("hats off to France") on the ground that we should "Stand by our friends."

To-day, only a year or two later, organs of public opinion which for so long held up German militarism as a deadly menace, and the protection of France as indispensable to our national security, are urging an isolationism which in fact means that we should do nothing whatever to check the re-arming of Germany under a militarist autocracy much more irresponsible and much more violent than the pre-war government of that country; that we should submit without resistance to the tearing up of the treaties we imposed as the result of all the sacrifices of the war; that preparation by the new German autocracy for a war to crush France and bring about the very thing we fought to prevent in 1914 is something we should take no risks of any kind to oppose.

For not merely do these counsellors tell us that we are to avoid all military commitments or entanglements, but we are to bring both the League and the Disarmament Conferences to an end. Both types of action—the pre-war alliance and the post-war conference; the "balance" system and the "collective" system—are equally to be denied to us. "Keep out" is to be our slogan; complete isolationism, the purest do-nothingism, our policy.

The authorities who proffer this advice are in many cases those who by implication now declare our entrance into the war in 1914 a tragic error, futile of all good or permanent result since its achievements—the Treaty, France's protection, Germany's demilitarisation, the League—can all safely be abandoned.

I suggest that their present counsel, if accepted, will prove as tragically mistaken as they themselves now declare their 1914 policy to have been.

The undersigned has in the past criticised both the Treaty and French behaviour as severely, perhaps, as any writer in England. Yet, if anything good is to come out of the war at all, we must to-day stand by the principle that that Treaty is not to be torn up by the action of one party, nor frontiers to be changed by war. We must be prepared to defend not France, but the law; or to defend France, if you will, through the defence of the law. To Germany we must be prepared to offer as much and the weight of our influence on behalf of Treaty revision. To both we must make plain that while there is no question of new commitments, the commitments already undertaken (including and particularly those of Disarmament) will be fulfilled.

But great sections of British opinion are opposed to accepting the risks which such a policy involves, not realising that the risks of drifting back to the old order are infinitely greater. "Isolationism" which is our present slogan is, of course, a sham. Isolation might be workable on one condition: that we accepted the principle of non-resistance, a political position like that of the small states of Europe, a Norway, and took the risks of powerlessness. That might work. But the advocates of isolation do not mean that. We are to maintain our relative position of power (witness increased estimates). If others increase, we increase. But the greatest of all arms used by potential enemies is the arm of the alliance. Armament, adequate if our enemy is one state, becomes inadequate if he gets allies. (Germany at present is relatively powerless; Germany plus Italy is another matter.) How long are we going to deny ourselves an arm that we allow prospective enemies?

If the armoury of others includes alliances, we shall adopt that arm too. It means a return to the Balance of Power which made the war, each side basing its defence upon the superiority of power over the other—which deprives that other of defence. Sir Edward Grey, just as the war was bursting upon us, admitted the failure of a system which left one party without protection of his rights, and declared, even then, that the only possible alternative was for all to pledge their power to the support of a rule or law—say the right to impartial judgment of disputes—which should protect all equally.

That policy of pledging our power to the support of the law has never been adequately supported by the British public as a whole. The militarist objects because it involves internationalism, the pacifist because it seems to involve the use of arms: extreme Right and extreme Left combine against those who would make the co-operative or collective system of defence a political reality. Arrangements made to that end by successive British Governments have not secured ratification; while even the arrangements for application in special cases (e.g., the Locarno Treaty) carried the suggestion that the general application was abandoned. To every crisis—like the Sino-Japanese—the instinctive reaction of the public has been to forget that the new system, failure of which must mean drifting back to the old, pledges us to support the law. We want to "stand outside the quarrels of others," a principle which, if applied within the national community—when, say, a murder is committed—would mean the end of organised society. "Commitments involve risks." The absence of commitments in 1914 did not enable us to avoid risks; it entangled us more rapidly, more irresistibly—more futilely—than League commitments have done. "We intend to avoid all war." Then get rid of the Army and Navy. If you keep them "for defence" you must decide whether, in the light of the results of 1914, defence by the pre-League method—particularly defence of wealth, trade, prosperity—is effective; or whether we should do better to strengthen the collective method. Indecision during the next few weeks may mean reversion to a political situation similar to that of 1914, with, ultimately, a similar outcome.

4, King's Bench Walk, E.C.4. NORMAN ANGELL

SIR,—I was glad to see from "Journalist's" article "Remember 1914" that some people are facing the facts. Since the war we have all been hoping that the League of Nations might be turned into a reality. To-day it is quite obvious that we are back again among the old international rivalries and that in the case of aggression the League powers would not be united in police action. The war would be, in fact, nothing but another bloody mess of the old kind. We all know—people like Lord Grey have told us so often enough—that we shall have another war if the League breaks down. What then ought we to do? There will be a much larger number of individual "conchies." But effective war

resistance means mass resistance. A general strike against war is the one hope, and I suggest that it is the duty of pacifists like Mr. Wells, David Garnett, Francis Birrell and Raymond Mortimer (why don't they leave off wrangling, since they are all really on the same side?) to forget class distinctions and to throw in their lot with the working-class movement against war.

MIDDLE-CLASS WAR RESISTER

SIR,—"Journalist" bids us "Remember 1914," and for this purpose takes us to a peace conference in 1933 which is as much anti-pacifist as it is anti-war.

How well I remember the intention to resist war twenty years ago, the threats of strike action and the great London demonstration, addressed by Labour leaders from all countries, many of whom a few hours later joined or supported their respective war cabinets. It is that experience which makes it so important that those, who again pledge themselves to resist, should think, speak and act in such a manner as to ensure that what they intend shall be accomplished. And yet already Oxford's representatives are allowing themselves to be acclaimed by an anti-war congress which ever since its foundation has been dominated by those who welcome violence as a political method.

Peace cannot be achieved in the spirit of war. We can no longer shirk this question of violence. It is invading our style of propaganda as well as our programme of action. It begins by debasing political controversy, so that it seems more important that we should hate than persuade; in the end it is openly advocated as an instrument of social change.

Nor, I admit, is this hard to explain. Our Government has failed to give leadership to the world which cries aloud for peace and for some plan to organise its economic life in an age of plenty. The Opposition seems equally unable to lead. It has so little faith in its programme that it resorts to a style of advocacy which puts a barrier of angry sensationalism between its ideas and the public. And so we plunge farther and farther into the politics of passion and excitement and away from the politics of achievement.

"Journalist" turns in his disillusionment to an anti-war congress which is and will be largely dominated by Communists. Oxford renounces national war in phrases which excite a mood as dangerous to war resistance as the phrases of the war-monger were fatal to a just peace. The thrill of the phrase "For King and Country" led to "A War to End War" and so to the excitement which created the Treaty of Versailles. Let us beware the counterpart. I am unrepentant in my criticism of the Oxford resolution. Not by these paths shall we swiftly reach a new social order or create peace. The battle cries of the Communist at the anti-war congress will give the world not peace but perhaps Fascism. Already the Communist International, alarmed by the German menace, has realised this and called a halt to its long campaign of abusive attack upon its fellow Socialists.

But is there no alternative? I think there is. By good fortune we are living in an age when the public is at last hungry to hear of our plans and eager to put them into practice. Why should we not take advantage of this to submit our programme without compromise, relying upon its merits to arouse the support of this new and attentive public? This is no feeble compromise; it reflects the integrity and earnest advocacy of men like Keir Hardie or Sir Arthur Salter.

If, for instance, we believe that the key points of economic power, such as our banking system, ought to be transferred to public control, why should we not say so on a thousand platforms, and submit that proposal to Parliament, whether we have a majority or minority? But if we are thus to stand firmly by an extreme programme, let us state it with a calm resoluteness that will satisfy the hunger in the public mind, and let us avoid phrases of angry passion or parades in coloured shirts, for otherwise we shall achieve little except to excite emotions which will make men victims to a Fascist enemy. The spirit in which we express our programme is every bit as important as the character of the programme itself. We may well compare the articles now being contributed to the *Times* by Mr. Keynes with the speeches of the Labour Party.

We need some group of politicians capable at one and the same time of adhering without compromise to a programme that is fearless and of advocating it in a tone of voice of persuasion and confidence. That, I believe, is the only alternative to the politics of hatred now threatening us in Europe; and that is how I should wish to "Remember 1914."

ALLEN OF HURTWOOD

Hurtwood House, Albury, Guildford.

THE HOUSING PROGRAMME

SIR,—The lead which the National Association of Building Societies, in the interest of employment, has given to its constituent societies by urging them to recommend their members to put in hand repairs and improvements is one which might well be followed by other bodies. Regard it how we may, we have sooner or later got to face the fact that we cannot expect a return of prosperity by merely sitting down and waiting for it. Somehow or other we have got to re-start the wheels of industry, and though individual repairs may not seem to mean very much, repairs multiplied by a million represent a very considerable item.

A similar appeal might well, I think, be made to local authorities to put in hand the many schemes which were suspended eighteen months ago at the instance of the Government. The cry that we could not afford them seemed plausible enough at the time, but it no longer holds, and as long as work is crying out to be done it seems foolish in the extreme to go on paying unemployment benefit to the men who might thus be employed. Wise spending is the line of true economy.

H. L. NATHAN

1 Finsbury Square, E.C.2.

SIR,—One aspect of the Anti-housing Bill has so far curiously escaped mention. The Building Societies, to whom the duty of housing is to be handed over, usually build regardless of artistic effect—they have sponsored the worst atrocities of ribbon building and unco-ordinated villadom. Town councils, on the other hand, are to some extent amenable to public opinion; their housing estates for the most part display taste in layout and line. Even rural district councils nowadays show commendable interest in seeing that their housing schemes harmonise with the village surroundings. But now that the countryside has just begun to feel the revitalising effect of providing new cottages and the rural councils have generally started to do their jobs decently, their powers are to be taken away, and by one who professes to care for the beauty of the English countryside!

Girton, Cambs. MICHAEL PEASE

LABOUR AND THE RURAL VOTE

SIR,—May I make a comment on Helen Keynes's letter on this subject in your last issue? The Labour Party certainly want a clear-cut rural policy: but, for heaven's sake, let it be drawn by country people.

An admirable Rural Socialist policy was prepared in 1907–8, and was turned down by the Liberal section of the Labour Party: another was prepared in, I think, 1924, and was discussed behind the scenes at Liverpool; in a modified but ineffective form it came before the Labour Conference at Margate in the following year and was accepted by the conference. Now we find the National Government taking many of the best points out of the Rural Socialist policy and we have to start again, recognising the position and developing and socialising that policy so as to make it effective. The Labour policy should be based on the labourer's shilling—a shilling an hour—and built up from that basis.

The importance of such a policy in its relation to national life will be seen when it is realised that at least half the present unemployment arises from the decay of agriculture.

The Severals, Seer Green, Nr. Beaconsfield MONTAGUE FORDHAM

SIR,—Miss Helen M. Keynes's letter is provocative of thought which should help towards a realisation of things as they are. Winning agricultural and semi-agricultural constituencies is, one thinks, the Labour Party's toughest job. Miss Keynes suggests that the rural policy must include assurance of work, provision of services and amenities, a general clean up (a little hazy), adequate housing, and customers for the shopkeeper.

With experience as a candidate and for over fourteen years a worker in this kind of constituency, I do not know of fifty wage-earners in this area who feel they dare put a Socialist or Labour bill in their windows. These free and independent electors live all the time in an atmosphere of servitude. Does not this point to a pressing need of very definite propaganda about elementary human rights?

What is the explanation of the difficulty of getting even the unemployed to stand up and stand out for the elementary human

right to full maintenance in the rich and embarrassingly productive country of their unchosen birth? Shortly and lamentably, it is that they are not aware of such a right. Rather do they seem to feel that, their grandparents having been taught to be grateful for a Poor Law pittance of half a crown a week in old age, in a period when a callous nation breathed not one word about something for the simply-out-of-work, they are lucky to be kept alive and not forced into "the house."

So long as servitude is accepted as inescapable—even providential—the rural (and urban) worker will be a good patient for Tory sedative or Liberal tonic. If the Labour Party cannot make a rebel of him, conscious of the rights that for too long we have smoothly prated about with but poor effect upon public opinion, we have a long waiting job. Whatever we may say to these mute millions about policies, the needed response will not be made at the ballot box until there is a new and dignified consciousness as to citizens' rights and social robbery. And the shopkeeper needs deliverance from servitude as much as do his customers.

The "comprehensive policy" Miss Keynes has in mind should the more readily emerge when the Party becomes downright in earnest about deliverance from servitude and advance to service and culture, and is not afraid to persistently preach it. Need one add that this freedom involves the elimination of proprietorships and privileges as we know them?

Hemel Hempstead. JESSE HAWKES

THE CARDBOARD ACE

SIR,—I have felt called on to protest to the Editor of the *Times* about Messrs. Heinemann's advertisement in the book columns of that paper of their recently published *Death in the Air*. Messrs. Heinemann have deliberately arranged the context of my article in your issue of February 25th to convey that I fully approved of the book and did not doubt its authenticity.

Where I wrote: "The reader may open this book for a first breathless perusal with the feeling that here at last is a great human document of the War" and proceeded to discuss the reasons which led me to conclude that book was a fake, Messrs. Heinemann have calmly omitted the first part of my sentence and have led off with: "Here at last is *the* great human document of the War" and omitted any reference to my argument that the pictures could not be genuine. I feel strongly over this wilful misrepresentation of my true sentiments and beg that you will find space to insert this, my protest. L. E. O. CHARLTON

[We have shown Air-Commodore Charlton's letter to Messrs. Heinemann and received the following reply.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—No words were quoted in our advertisement of *Death in the Air* except those written by your reviewer. The substitution of "the" for "a" was a printers' error. What possible reason could we have for omitting the first half of the sentence, and beginning with the word "here" except restriction of space? Does your reviewer deny that he also wrote in the same article:—

> It is the living truth of aerial combat, the actuality, and it grips the reader, whether knowledgeable about such things or not, at the heart-strings, reviving half forgotten memories good and bad which well nigh embrace the full range of feeling.

These are not our words but your reviewer's. Why does he object to their republication as an advertisement? He only confirms our own opinion of the book which we plainly state on every copy. In that statement we also say emphatically that doubts have been expressed concerning the authenticity of the diary and the pictures, and that we are not in possession of evidence either to establish or to dissipate those doubts. Your reviewer did not state that the book was a fake, but that it could be, which is a very different thing. In other words, your reviewer's opinion is confirmed by ourselves in every copy of the book sold. If he objects so strongly to the above sentence being reprinted why did he write it? Publishers have legitimately quoted favourable sentences from reviews for advertisement purposes since the first publisher began to advertise. If your reviewer still thinks that he has a grievance we will gladly reinsert our advertisement and add to it any further paragraph, of reasonable length, from his notice which he thinks will sufficiently qualify those words of his already used.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LIMITED
A. S. FRERE-REEVES
Director.

[In their defence Messrs. Heinemann repeat the offence of which Air-Commodore Charlton complains, and, in our opinion, justly complains. The review, significantly headed the *The Cardboard Ace*, was in effect a severe condemnation of the book, and the advertisement suggested that Air-Commodore Charlton was enthusiastic in his praise of it. Immediately after the passage quoted in Messrs. Heinemann's letter comes the following passage:

> That is after the first hurried breathless perusual. But later, as the mind continues to dwell on the vivid memories thus evoked, a measure of doubt creeps in. Is it, can it be possible, that the whole thing is but a brilliantly executed "leg-pull"?

Air-Commodore Charlton then gave reasons for believing that the book was a fake. In these circumstances Messrs. Heinemann's advertisement amounts to a serious misrepresentation of Air-Commodore Charlton's review. We believe that the character of this advertisement will be as repugnant to most publishers as it is to us, and we are glad of the restitution offered in the last sentence of Messrs. Heinemann's letter.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

A LAPSE INTO BARBARISM

SIR,—Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis devotes the first four paragraphs of his "review" under this title to suggesting, in what I suppose is meant to be a whimsical manner, that my book, *Town and Countryside* is a plagiarism of *England and the Octopus*. "Almost a familiar book, for did I not write it myself (more or less) some five years ago?" etc., etc. This may be clever writing, but with every desire to be patient and forbearing the mildest thing I can say about it is that it is monstrous and offensive nonsense. I owe absolutely nothing, beyond the stimulus that everybody interested in the subject owes, to *England and the Octopus*. Mr. Williams-Ellis's little book dealt, though in a totally different way (for whereas Mr. Williams-Ellis is an amateur I happen to be a professional town-and-country planner), with a few, a very few, of the aspects of amenity with which I have attempted to deal. But does that give Mr. Williams-Ellis a perpetual monopoly of the whole wide range of the subject? And must every person who has the hardihood to write on it go out of his way to pay tribute to Mr. Williams-Ellis's astounding egotism?

Witton-le-Wear, THOMAS SHARP
County Durham

HARRY VENGEANCE

SIR,—I shall be obliged if you will allow me a few lines of your space in which to correct two inaccuracies that occur in Mr. O'Faoláin's review of my novel, *The Quick and the Dead*. Concluding a list of names to which he takes exception, your reviewer writes: "And, worst of all, the wicked young Lord Harry Vengeance! This is the author turning the real of his memories into the artificial of his story. . . ." There is no "Lord Harry Vengeance" in my story, and my Harry Vengeance is not represented by me as "wicked." Secondly, I suggest that the phrase implying that the book consists of my personal memories is impertinent in more senses than one. *The Quick and the Dead* is a work of fiction.

The Old Farm, GERALD BULLETT
East Harting, Sussex,
Near Petersfield.

CARPETS

SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to your critic's scathing condemnation of the carpets at the British Industries Fair in your issue of February 25th. We wonder who are the mysterious retiring Modern Designers with whom we ought to be put in touch. We have a designing staff of our own of over forty, and continually take on fresh blood; we buy designs to suit each country from all our export markets, Australia, New Zealand, Holland, Denmark, Germany, etc.; encourage designers in every way to bring or send designs and we always buy something from them.

With regard to consulting Heals and Fortnum and Mason, we already have the honour of making some special designs for Messrs. Heal, and the "Modern" pattern, which during the whole Show was in the front place of our piece goods shown at the B.I.F. and was much admired by everybody, had actually been bought by Messrs. Heal, though presumably this is "monstrously ugly" to your critic. As to Fortnum and Mason, all the world knows their raised pies, etc., are beyond compare, but they can hardly claim to lead carpet designs yet. I called there and found only plains and a few hand-made carpets. We

exhibited 500 different colours of plains at the B.I.F.; we use 3,000 and will always make any special colour required if one of our 3,000 shades will not suit.

It is a pity your critic did not come to the stands and talk the matter over so as to hear the manufacturers' side of the case.

Kidderminster. G. S. TOMKINSON,
Tomkinsons, Ltd., Carpet Manufacturers

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES AND TAXATION

SIR,—I have read the references (in your issue of the 11th instant) to the subject of Co-operative Societies and Income Tax. Lengthy comments and observations are being put forward relating to the liability under various schedules, as to whether trading surpluses are "profits," and also as to whether discounts are "divis" and vice versa, etc.

In the evidence submitted by the Board of Inland Revenue before the Government Committee of Inquiry it is shown that the Societies and private trading companies are both in the same position as regards Income Tax in respect of Schedules A and B. Under Schedule C the Societies are exempt and private traders are not, and under Schedule D the Societies are exempt and private traders pay Income Tax on excess of trading profits over Schedule A. The Societies are also exempt in connection with certain deposit interest, dividends and interest on investments, and income from foreign securities, but private trading concerns have to pay tax upon these.

The important point to remember in my opinion is, that the very large volume of trade, some £300,000,000 per annum which has been diverted to the Co-operative Societies from ordinary private trading channels, does not pay the tax it would have done if it had remained with private trading concerns. This great difference has to be made up by the remainder of the tax-payers, and in some way or other it seems that the position should be adjusted so that all trading activities bear their equal and fair share of the national burden. ALBERT GOWIE,

Drapers' Chamber of Trade, Secretary
104 and 105 Newgate Street, E.C.1.

[Our correspondent is in error in speaking of a volume of trade being taxed. Income Tax is a tax on persons not on turn-over.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE PATH OF HISTORY

SIR,—Your very just review of my book on the Corn Laws prompts me to raise a question which may be of interest to historians generally. Is past history, even the comparatively recent history of a hundred years ago, any guide to present policy? I find myself in great uncertainty here. If I had lived under Huskisson, I would certainly have supported his imperial policy. But when after his death the cause of empire fell away, I should no less have supported Peel and Repeal. When I read the works of our standard historians—Tawney and Unwin, the Webbs and Clapham—I am conscious of a dichotomy, not in them, for there is a convincing unity in each one of them, but in the subject and in myself. It is not that they research in different fields, nor yet that their pictures are reverse sides of the same medal; but rather (as I see it) that their interpretation is different. Tawney has one philosophy, Unwin another; the Webbs are socialist, Clapham certainly is not. Now, when one comes to internal economy, the clash is even greater. I have been trained in the school of Marshall, yet I ardently desire imperial economic unity. Does history help? Not, I think, in the direction of showing that Ottawa is wise, but merely in showing that Free Trade in retrospect was a magnificent episode. But the next step may be wrong.

I support Ottawa because I think that the alternative is an aggressive economic nationalism. But this I derive less from history than from current judgment of events, from my prejudice if you will; and I only find in the history of the Corn Laws, for example, guidance in detail—the difficulty of achieving economic purpose by statutory enactment, the play of vested interest, and so on. I like to think of history as running out into the present, but I am like the man who travels from Montreal to Toronto—direction south-west. Does it follow that my next stage is a continuance of this, south-west till I get to San Francisco? Is it not equally possible that my next stage is north-west to Vancouver? Have I free will, or does the past push me forward along a predetermined trend?

111 Grantchester Meadows, Cambridge C. R. FAY

Miscellany

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS

MR. O'NEILL'S plays cry out to be judged by high standards: perhaps indeed they cry a little too loudly at times, and run a risk of being called pretentious. There are occasions when Mr. O'Neill employs too artful means to attain some fairly simple end. But Mr. O'Neill at his best is certainly not pretentious: he is acute, moving, and (apparently) simple: he is convincing.

This play of a black and white marriage, now at the Embassy, shows Mr. O'Neill at both extremes. Looked at as a whole, from the point of view of a producer, it is an awkward lump of a play to present: terribly top-heavy. To begin with, it is a difficult length. I had not a watch with me, but I feel certain that before the curtain finally went up we must have had twenty or five-and-twenty minutes at least of drawing-room songs by Miss Monica Waddington. I don't want to be rude to Miss Waddington, but the feeling I had throughout this part of the evening was as of someone desperately holding the fort at a children's party because the conjurer's train is late (and yet, after the curtain went down, I was back in the West End by the time the other theatres were beginning to empty).

Secondly, the programme tells us that this is a play in two acts, divided into four and three scenes respectively. But this is only formally true. There is no attempt whatever at an even apportionment of interest between these two acts: the play is really a play in one act, with a prologue in four scenes—a heavy tail for a one-act play to push, comet-like, in front of it. *Scene* 1 of this prologue shows us children playing on a New York street corner, and a child love-affair between a black boy and a white girl. In *Scene* 2, nine years later, the girl, on the arm of her white lover, insults the faithful negro. Next she is abandoned by the white man, and takes refuge in a bottomless world upon the steadfast black rock. In *Scene* 4, the only really effective scene in this act (partly because of its rigorous stylisation), they are leaving the church after their marriage. As they appear on the church steps a hiss goes up from the crowd: and rather than live in an atmosphere of such hisses they flee to France—and the audience disperses for a fifteen-minute interval.

Might not that fourth scene alone have been enough to introduce the second act, the play proper? Or, if those other three flashes-back in the common memory of the two protagonists are necessary, might they not have been more effectively presented simply as flashes? Scenes much shorter, horrider, more stylised, following each other rapidly upon the stage without any fall of the curtain? As the child, Jim Harris, walks off the stage right, the man Jim Harris might walk on left, and so on—all over in five minutes? A little patiently the audience, having thus rewritten Mr. O'Neill's play for him in the interval, reassembles for the second act.

But at once the tension increases. Act II is a fine play. The Furies of Race that Jim and Ella thought to leave behind them in New York follow them to France, because those Furies, like the Furies of Orestes, are within them. They do not exactly recognise this, but feel only that they have been guilty of cowardice, that they must return to America and face the Furies Without before they can win peace and their self-respect. Jim must fulfil his old ambition of becoming a lawyer, and proving his equality with the white. They do not at first at all realise that they will never obtain peace: that no sacrifice nor oblation will cause Nemesis to relent. For Jim cannot pass examinations before white examiners, and among white students—the Furies will not let him. And Ella will not let him. She *thinks* she wants a black husband whom she can wholly love and wholly respect; but at bottom

that is intolerable to her. A negro playmate, an utterly faithful negro slave, is all that the Furies in her own soul will allow her; and with subtlety and a frightful beauty Mr. O'Neill shows how even her growing insanity works incessantly and inexorably for this object, with all the cool and practical ingenuity of delirium. How hackneyed a touch of melodrama it seems to watch an insane wife creeping with a glittering knife up behind an oblivious husband, buried in his books! And yet, what a legitimately dramatic effect when one knows that it is not his death her madness wants, but rather to allow him neither sleep nor opportunity for study! How effective, too, her hysterical delight when the news arrives that he has again failed.

Mr. O'Neill is one of the few contemporary dramatists of consequence whose conception of drama is derived directly from the Greek (although at the time he wrote this play the derivation was only implicit): and therein lies his strength. The theme of this tragedy is a modern theme; for it is only in the last hundred years, so far as one can discover, that race-feeling between Black and White has grown into the frightful thing it now is. For the Greeks, only such taboos as incest, and (its obverse) parricide, could call the Furies from the hell under man's spirit. But, granted this one difference of the shifting of the nature of the taboo, the dramatic essentials of this play are entirely Greek: the comparative innocence of the protagonists: the inevitability, once the taboo has been flouted, of the Nemesis which overtakes them.

Jim Harris's sister, as uncompromisingly proud of her race as any white, and successful in her life in proportion to Jim's failure, would separate Ella and Jim as soon as the horror of the impending tragedy begins to show itself: but "It is not so simple as that." Jim and Ella cannot separate. No two souls who have fallen jointly into the hands of Nemesis can ever separate. That is Mr. O'Neill's conception, and it is a conception completely in tune with the essentials of Greek tragedy.

Now the Greek tragedians worked within the framework of a very strict set of dramatic conventions. It is, perhaps, Mr. O'Neill's misfortune to be writing in an age whose tendency is to break through the strictness of its traditional dramatic conventions. Those conventions (the conventions of naturalism) may perhaps be rather footling ones, it may be time that others took their place; but to all drama, and most especially in the case of a dramatist of Mr. O'Neill's ambitious kind, the discipline of compression within conventions is an essential to real freedom and real strength. It is only natural, writing at the present time, that Mr. O'Neill should "experiment," that he should flout conventions which, once living, have died into inanimate shackles. The pity is that he does not often succeed in substituting for them other conventions equally rigorous but living. In consequence there are times when Mr. O'Neill allows himself to be diverted from his true dramatic task for the mere scavenger-work of throwing some piece of worn-out theatrical rubbish out of the window. (I am not now speaking of this play only, but of Mr. O'Neill's work in general.) These are the occasions when his work shows weakness and a tendency to pretentiousness; these are the passages which compel one to call Mr. O'Neill only a fitfully, rather than a consistently, fine dramatist. Such scavenger-work may be useful in itself; but it can *never* excuse lack of dramatic compression. I feel certain, at any rate, that any convention, sensible or arbitrary, which would have forbidden Mr. O'Neill the lengthy vagaries of that first act, with its doubtful hovering between naturalism and stylisation, would have been a godsend to him and to us.

It is, I think, impossible for a critical spectator to divide at all clearly in his mind the play as the author conceived it from the play as it is presented before him. Dramatic critics may pretend to; but they nearly always conclude that the part of the play which is best acted is the part which was best written, and will declare that any part which is ineffectively presented was tediously and ineffectively composed. My own experience as an author has proved this to me in different productions of the same play: where one part was well acted, I got the praise rather than the actor; where the same part was badly acted, the actor was praised for having made the brave best of a bad job. I do not feel at all certain, therefore, that what I have said about the top-heaviness of this play is justly blameable entirely to the author: I can only be certain that it is blameable to the play as presented the other night by Mr. Van Gyseghem. Another producer *might* have produced the first act with a grim vividness which brought it fully into tune with the second. Or perhaps if Mr. Van Gyseghem himself had had more time (and supers a little less English-gentlemanly) he could have achieved this himself: for there are moments of imagination in the production, although it lacks that unimpeachable cohesion, that inconspicuous elaboration that another week's rehearsals might in all probability have given it; although, in short, the brand of repertory is upon it.

Miss Flora Robson went mad with her usual brilliance, but was a little dull in the scenes when the dramatist compelled her to remain sane. Miss Cicely Oates as Jim Harris's mother, speaking mostly from a rocking-chair, with a quiet and truly negro dignity, gave the finest secondary performance in the play. Mr. Paul Robeson's acting, magnificent at times, was unequal. It was not till he was bending his aching head in solitude over his law books, or answering his wife in an abject heroism that seemed to personify the whole slavery of his race, that one was really reminded of what a fine actor he can be. It is some time since I have seen Mr. Robeson act, and in that time a change has certainly come over him. Has he been away from New York too long? His magnificent voice is still there, of course, but its intonations have many of them acquired a curiously emasculated English sound: at moments one might almost think that this was an Englishman playing the part of an American negro! It is true that too vigorous an Americanism would have shown up in greater relief the counterfeit of the rest of the cast; and yet I feel doubtful whether this was intentional; and even if it were, *no* intention could justify the hiding of Mr. Robeson's light under a bushel.

RICHARD HUGHES

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

Cinema House Theatre. *Emil and the Detectives.*

So *Emil and the Detectives* has arrived in London at last. It is a serious reflection, I think, on the exhibitors' side of the London Film Industry that this enchanting picture, which has run for heaven knows how long in Germany and the best part of a year in Paris, should have only just arrived here. If ever a film were made for the general public it is this one; there is nothing "highbrow" in either the good or the bad sense of the word about *Emil and the Detectives*. It is unpretentious, straightforward, gay, and utterly delightful, and it is difficult to see what people can like if they don't like *Emil and the Detectives*.

Emil and the Detectives is a boy's paradise, the perfect film to which to take one's family. The plot is as simple as can be. A small boy, travelling to Berlin for the first time by train, has his pocket picked by a train thief and bank robber. On discovering his loss, he is above going to the police (he has, indeed, a guilty conscience where the force is concerned); so instead he joins a troop of ragamuffin detectives, with whose aid he tracks down the villain, regains his money, and is himself rewarded with a thousand marks for handing over the villain to justice.

The fun of the film lies entirely in the plots and plans of the boy detectives, who are soaked in the sentiments of Fenimore Cooper and the jargon of the General Staff. It is a realisation in film form of the day-dream literature of the schoolboy library, and will be appreciated by anyone brought up properly on the Baker Street Irregulars and the brilliant life they led in a now vanished London. The boys themselves all act delightfully, and though they have none of the self-consciousness which often makes child actors intolerable, you see

that they are thoroughly enjoying themselves the whole time, while the terrifying thoroughness with which they hunt down the villainous adult rams home the moral that both virtue and brains are the monopoly of the very young.

Excellent as is the technical side of the picture, it never loses the spontaneity of family charades, and the onlooker is strangely unaware of the presence of the director. There is nothing of Hollywood humbug about it. The atmosphere is, I suppose, Continental. Certainly in spirit it is nearer to Clair than to other directors, though I fail to see why England, which has produced so rich and variegated a boy's literature, should not have produced a film of this kind.

All this leads me to think that amusing as the films are they might well be more amusing still. Nothing, one might deduce from *Emil and the Detectives*, should be less difficult to produce than an amusing film, if only one is willing to be straightforward and unaffected. The pictures are often blamed for their immorality. They might be more truthfully charged with a preposterous and unintelligent seriousness and unsuitable desire to moralise. All too rarely are film directors willing to be merely light-hearted and romantic, to aim at creating a pleasant dream world, based on natural desires, into which we are glad to enter.

Emil and the Detectives creates the impression of being written and directed by light-hearted, civilised and happy people who understand the fun of existence and who have communicated their gaiety to the troop of children, who enter so gaily into the jest. He must indeed be a curmudgeon who does not catch from this troop a measure of their own single-hearted enjoyment; and it would indeed be happy for Germany to take a lesson from this picture, and learn to work off in early youth that passion for military exercises, marches and countermarches, and the machinery of army life, which is so romantically idealised by Emil and his corps of generous-hearted and lofty minded detectives.

FRANCIS BIRRELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Great, the Fair, and—

At the Lefevre Galleries in King Street, St. James's, may be seen an exhibition remarkable for the wit, the insight and the devastating candour of the pictures. Cicely Hey shows thirty-six portrait drawings of the great, the moderately great, the fair and of a few hitherto unknown to fame: but not now. Not often she has done her best with them. It is the kind of show where one hears Mr. G— say to Mr. F— "I say, how good Hey is with you: of course she's rotten with me"; and Mr. F— says to Mr. G— "Well, Hey couldn't do me—but that's a stunning thing she's done of you" All of which means that Cicely Hey is an artist, and no photographer. No doubt she tends towards caricature rather than towards a chaste and colourless nullity; but at least, in most of her drawings, she shows character, not mere outline. Among the most successful of her drawings are those of Marie Ney, Roger Fry, Eric Gill, Jacob Epstein, Charles Marriott, Robert Witt, Francis Birrell and the two magnificent drawings of Richard Sickert. The study of Stella Benson has genuine imagination in it, and there is tenderness as well as understanding in the drawing of D. S. MacColl and of Alfred Thornton. Certainly a show to be visited.

Romeo and Juliet

Romeo and Juliet is not one of the more fortunate productions at the Old Vic. Mr. Goring and Miss Peggy Ashcroft are not temperamentally suited to the principal parts. A youthful Romeo is no doubt an advantage, but Mr. Goring's youthfulness showed itself by his being always in a hurry, and Miss Ashcroft, though she was more competent, never showed the faintest trace of astonishment, and it is essential that Juliet should be astonished by love. It is fatal to suspect that she has been out on the balcony talking to young men a good many times before. In general, the poetry had completely evaporated from the play and the story seemed one which belonged to rival Italian gangsters on the East side of New York. A prose version of the play, acted to the rattle of machine guns against a background of skyscrapers, would be an enormous success. However, seeing Shakespeare badly acted always raises a number of new problems in the mind. What is the explanation of Juliet's mother's behaviour? Does she really know of Romeo's intrigue and prefer to ignore it? On this occasion she seemed to have some other and greater worry than the troubles of the Capulet household on her mind.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 17th—
- Dr. R. G. Gordon on "The Relationship of Delinquency to the Broken Home," University College, Gower Street, 8.30.

SATURDAY, March 18th—
- Athletics, Oxford *v.* Cambridge, White City.
- Moriz Rosenthal, Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, March 19th—
- J. A. Hobson on "Our Selves," Conway Hall, 11.
- Miss Peggy Ashcroft. Reading from the Modern Poets. Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 3.30.
- Dr. Winifred Cullis on "Biology and the Health of the Community," Hampstead Ethical Society, 158A, Mill Lane, N.W., 6.15.
- George Cadbury on "The Crisis in America," Willoughby Hall, 1, Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
- "Local Thunder," Westminster Theatre.
- "To-morrow and To-morrow," St. Martin's Theatre.

TUESDAY, March 21st—
- Exhibition illustrating "Housing: The Present Opportunity" 24, Grosvenor Place, S.W. Open till April 1st.
- W. McGregor Ross on "The Gold Rush in Kenya," Friends' House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Jean Sterling MacKinlay, Old Vic, 8.
- Adila Fachiri and Kathleen Long, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
- "The Lonely Road," Arts Theatre. (Matinée).

WEDNESDAY, March 22nd—
- Maurice Dobb and K. W. M. Pickthorn on "Communism," B.B.C., 7.30.
- B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Geoffrey Mander, M.P., on "Liberalism and the Crisis," Caxton Hall, Victoria Street, 8.15.

THURSDAY, March 23rd—
- Gigli, Albert Hall, 8.15.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IT is always interesting to compare the direct influence that a man has on his friends with that which his writings have on others who did not know him, or did not know him intimately. J. M. Keynes and Lytton Strachey were contemporaries and friends, each was a part of the other's mental climate, and Keynes's *Essays In Biography* (Macmillan, 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a book which appears to me to have far more in common with *Books and Characters* and *Eminent Victorians* than any of the works by the slick imitators of Strachey's manner. These latter seem to me to have none of Strachey's virtues: they lack his depth, his brilliance in choosing a sample "drawn up in a little bucket" which appears to be the distilled essence of an ocean. They lack his art, and the tricks which they have learned from him are in them impertinences. It is therefore extremely pleasant to turn to a writer who I think has been influenced by Strachey himself, though not stylistically, an influence which was probably at its greatest before a line of the biographies in *Eminent Victorians* had been written. It is difficult to say what one mind gives to another, but I should hazard the guess that Strachey's greatest contribution to his friends was intellectual ruthlessness. His weakness was in his appetite: many subjects (and persons) bored him, but his great strength was his *violence*—that he followed his line of thought relentlessly and never recoiled however disturbing or disagreeable the conclusions.

* * *

Compared with Strachey, Keynes is an omnivorous animal. He is attracted by everything, charmed by everybody, fascinated—one would almost say tempted—by social worlds as different as Lord Oxford's and Alfred Marshall's. This multitude of interests and versatility is both natural to him and an ideal he has set himself. It is difficult not to think of the author as one reads the following passage:

> The master-economist must possess a rare *combination* of gifts. He must reach a high standard in several different directions and must combine talents not often found together. He must be mathematician, historian, statesman, philosopher—in some degree. He must understand symbols and speak in words. He must contemplate the particular in terms of the general, and touch abstract and concrete in the same flight of thought. He must study the present in the light of the past for the purposes of the future. No part of man's nature or his institutions must lie entirely outside his regard. He must be purposeful and disinterested in a simultaneous mood; as aloof and incorruptible as an artist, yet sometimes as near the earth as a politician. Much, but not all, of this many-sidedness Marshall possessed.

* * *

Essays In Biography is made up of two parts: sketches of politicians with whom the author has been in close contact, either at the Treasury or in Paris during the Peace Conference, and of four Cambridge economists, and it is noteworthy that the only person mentioned in this book whom he obviously disliked was M. Klotz, whom he picks out as chiefly responsible for prolonging the blockade of Central Europe during 1919. With this sole exception, however much he may disagree with the ideas, or regard as disastrous the actions of the men about whom he writes, he looks upon them all with something like affection. Nobody could be more easily satisfied than Keynes: he is pleased with people merely because they exist. Nothing could be less like Strachey than that, and in temperament the two men were very far apart. What they had in common was an extreme clarity of mind, a rather dangerous brilliance and an aesthetic instinct for formal perfection. Thus though he would have drawn them more cruelly and would have exposed them more mercilessly, had Strachey had the wish and the opportunity to draw the council of four at the Peace Conference, his portraits would have been substantially the same. They would, however, have had a more inevitable quality. Strachey may sometimes have been one-sided but he always carried conviction. One knew that the side he saw was true, and it was impossible to disbelieve him. That is his real title to greatness. Keynes's portraits are too neat for the reader not to feel slightly suspicious. An old prejudice makes one expect to see Truth brought up in a creaking bucket wet from the bottom of her well: here she is produced sitting in a top hat like a white rabbit. In spite of there being no deception one cannot help feeling that Keynes might have another Truth up his sleeve. The supreme art of the English politician—that of always keeping a stupid expression on his face—has been denied him.

* * *

As might be expected, the economists in this volume are far more interesting than the politicians, as well as far worthier objects for Keynes's affection and attention. He is at his best when he is putting forward ideas, and, except for Clemenceau, politicians are lacking in a philosophy worth expounding.

The portrait of Alfred Marshall, and the exposition of the development of his economic ideas, is the longest and probably the best essay in the book, but it is more particularly for economists than are the others, and I got more amusement and aesthetic pleasure from the characters of Malthus and of Edgeworth. Of the latter Keynes writes most happily:

> So far from rising from the Monograph to the treatise, moving to the opposite extreme from Marshall's, he sank from the Monograph to the paper, essay, article, or transaction. For forty years a long stream of splinters split off from his bright mind to illumine (and to obscure) the pages of the Statistical and Economic Journals. Once when I asked him why he had never ventured on a Treatise he answered with his characteristic smile and chuckle, that large-scale enterprise, such as Treatises and marriage, had never appealed to him. It may be that he deemed them industries subject to diminishing return, or that they lay outside his powers or the limits he set to his local universe. Such explanations are more than enough and Occam's razor should forbid me to mention another . . . Mathematical Psychics has not as a science or study fulfilled its early promise . . . No one was more conscious of all this than Edgeworth. All his intellectual life through he felt his foundations slipping away from under him. What wonder that with these hesitations added to his cautious, critical, sceptical, diffident nature the erection of a large and heavy superstructure did not appeal to him? Edgeworth knew that he was skating on thin ice; and as life went on his love of skating and his distrust of the ice increased, by a malicious fate, *pari passu* . . . Red tape and gum are the only material objects with the private ownership of which I associate him . . . in his boyhood at Edgeworthstown he would read Homer seated aloft in a heron's nest. So, as it were, he dwelt always, not too much concerned with the earth.

Such was Maria Edgeworth's nephew, the inventor of index numbers, and this biographical sketch of him is at the same time the slightest and the most perfectly balanced of the portraits in the book.

* * *

The last of the essays is of particular value to those of us who knew the subject of it. Frank Ramsey, whose death three years ago at the age of twenty-six is said by competent judges to have been the greatest blow that modern philosophy could have received, was a fascinating combination of childishness and precocity. He was extremely innocent, or perhaps I should say ignorant, of the tangled motives which animate the human heart, and I have seen a look of shocked surprise appear on his face at some tale, a look which was soon followed by uncontrolled explosive laughter, shaking his huge frame dangerously, as though it would shake him to pieces. This, together with his huge size, gave him a god-like quality in my eyes. He seemed like a Chinese god, who, after absent-minded reflection for the last twenty thousand years, had looked down and noticed the human race again—at first rather shocked then breaking into ebullitions of laughter.

* * *

General Sir Ian Hamilton has written to point out that the statement of Major-General Fuller that he was lying at Imbros during the Anzac landing (referred to on this page in the issue of Feb. 18) is false. Sir Ian Hamilton was on the spot directing operations from H.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth." Messrs. Faber and Faber are inserting a correction of this statement in future copies sold of *Generalship, its Diseases and their Cure*, and the passage will be cancelled in the next edition.

DAVID GARNETT

HAVELOCK ELLIS ON SEX

Psychology of Sex. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. *William Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

When many years ago Havelock Ellis wrote his *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* he was doing a daring thing. In spite of the complete sanity of his outlook and the truly scientific spirit of his investigations, the work was greeted with an outcry, and for a long time parts of it were banned in England. To this day Dean Inge, in praising the author for his other works, mentions that one in a tone of regret, and in public libraries, such as the Bodleian, it is not available to readers except with the Librarian's written permission. But although there still are back-waters where the old taboos linger, their power has been enormously diminished. Havelock Ellis was a pioneer. Consider that he welcomed psycho-analysis at its birth as a promising infant, while in this book he may be almost said to write its biography. His attitude towards psycho-analysis, as he says himself, "has from the first been sympathetic, though never that of a partisan"; he is suspicious of sweeping theories concerning the Oedipus complex and the rest of the gods of Freud's Valhalla, but he admits everything for which there is definite evidence.

Havelock Ellis's most notable quality is a kindly sanity. Almost all writers on sex have some axe to grind; they want to prove that people hate their fathers, or love their mothers, or ought to know all about sex at the age of three, or ought to know nothing about sex till the age of twenty-one. Some wish to prove that sex covers the whole of life; others that it is nothing but an unimportant and temporary aberration from which well-regulated persons are immune. Havelock Ellis holds none of these theories: on each subject in turn he knows what is to be known, and draws the conclusions of a sensible, unprejudiced person who likes people to be happy.

In speaking of education, he seems to regret the decay of initiation ceremonies, such as most savages practise. He points out, of course, that in the modern world it would not do to postpone all initiation until puberty, and he thinks that the schools could do much in this respect. In criticising the system of education under which his and my generation grew up, he says:

> In that phase the insistence was all on the intellect and the methods of teaching which carried weight, or acquired wide popularity, were methods of educating the intelligence. But the sexual impulse—which yet is the main foundation of social as well as personal life—is not easily brought into the sphere of intelligence. So it has come about that our educational systems have, even up to the present, almost completely excluded the irrational element of sex; they have had little in common with those admirable, and, so far as the conditions allowed, complete schemes of initiation which prevailed in earlier ages of the world, the ages in which Man learned to become Man. Education with us has not been an education for life, but only for a part of life, especially the money-earning part.

He connects with this the cynicism frequently to be found in clever young men, and the sterility that modern intelligence has shown in regard to the enrichment of life.

The present volume is in some sense an epitome of the seven volumes of Havelock Ellis's original studies, but it has not by any means the literary defects that one associates with an epitome. It is well written and pleasant to read; it contains most of what the ordinary man or woman should know of what is in the earlier volumes, except the case histories, which are interesting and illuminating, and, moreover, consoling to all who are not completely normal. In Victorian days it was assumed that there was a certain fixed pattern of behaviour, very rigidly defined, from which only a few degenerates departed even in the smallest particular. This we now know to have been an opinion due to the wilful ignorance of that age on a subject of the gravest importance. It is a great mistake to suppose, as some people still do, that it is only medical men who need to have a knowledge of sex psychology. (In actual fact, as Havelock Ellis points out, many of them have very little.) Every man or woman entering upon marriage is liable to come to grief, or at any rate to have times of poignant suffering, through ignorance. In modern civilised life immediate successful consummation is probably the exception rather than the rule, but most young people do not know this, and are consequently led to imagine dreadful things.

It is, I suppose, useless to hope that Bishops and Members of Parliament will read this book. If, however, by some miracle, any one of them should come across it, I hope he will read Chapter V. The statute book in England, though not in most Continental

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countries, is disfigured by mediaeval penalties for acts which only appear as crimes to men sunk in mediaeval superstition. The tendency of legislation during the last fifty years has been to give superstition in this respect more scope for its persecuting instincts rather than less. The subject is a difficult one for agitation, since the police object to its being treated in any form which could reach the general public, and the general public themselves assume that any person who thinks it a mistake to punish certain acts must himself commit them. Nevertheless, things are slightly better than they were in the ages of faith, for in those days if a man and an animal were partners in guilt they were burnt alive together.

Few books on the subject of sex can be so confidently recommended to all and sundry as this truly admirable volume. It does not, like some books, over-emphasise the purely physical, nor, like some others, suppose that complete sublimation is likely to be wholly successful. Its views on marriage are sane, and even somewhat conservative. But what above all recommends the book is its universal charity, resulting from the attempt at an understanding at once sympathetic and scientific.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

NEW NOVELS

Livingstones. By DERRICK LEON. *Hogarth Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Twilight Age. By A. PROPHETT. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Business is Business. By BASIL D. NICHOLSON. *Secker.* 6*s.*
The Giant Swing. By W. R. BURNETT. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
To Dream Again. By JOHN FISHER. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Livingstones has a good chance of becoming a best-seller. It is almost fool-proof, it makes no demand on the driver's, I mean the reader's, intelligence, it is beautifully sprung, it holds the road very clearly and steadily, and though it is three times the usual length it is only 40 per cent. more expensive. Incidentally, it is a very good book. Livingstones are a firm of decorators, not one of those old-fashioned Builders and Decorators from which a nice man came with a bowler-hat, a notebook, a foot-rule, and a book of wall-paper patterns, but an elaborate machine for providing interiors in the safest taste, complete with telephone-cosies, books and family portraits, for people with no taste and masses of money. Any home made to look like the stage-sets in a West End comedy! Duck's-egg green panelling, fake eighteenth-century flower-pieces, baroque church candlesticks stripped of their gilt, whole settees covered with velvet specially manufactured to look time-worn—the whole threadbare bag of tricks has become as conventional in Mayfair as the aspidistra, the lace curtains and the framed photograph of the wedding group in other quarters of London. Everything is sold for many times its cost, and success depends on the seller's talent for flattery and the purchaser's fear of seeming less opulent and less sophisticated than her best friend. The novel describes everyone in the firm, from the carefully gentlemanlike boss to the woman who scrubs the floors, their business life and their home life, and thus provides a microcosmic picture of the society we live in, like those shipping advertisements which show the whole interior of a liner from the bathing-pool to the bunkers. Mr. Derrick Leon is highly critical of this society—I think a couple of years experience in such a firm would be calculated to turn even the patriotic Mr. A. A. Baumann into a Socialist—but his criticism is mostly implicit. He is a novelist first, and a politician incidentally. The lives of the characters overlap outside business hours: "Each one's daily life was bound up with the others' as a leaf in a floral design forms an integral part of the pattern of the whole," but not till the end of the book does the author's fondness for pattern get out of control and land him in an unswallowable dose of coincidences. With all its painstaking accumulation of detail, the book never loses its shape. Its first quality is obviously its likeness to life: Mr. Leon is always convincing, whether he describes a man sleeping in a Salvation Army hostel, a rich, middle-aged woman in love with a young Apollo, a schoolboy who wants a bicycle, or a typist who does not know What Every Girl Ought To. Each one of the numerous characters talks and thinks in a probable way, and each is individual enough to excite and hold the reader's interest. It is prodigious that Mr. Leon, who is very young, should have such a wide and sure knowledge of the varieties of London life. On the other hand, only a very young man—or Arnold Bennett—is capable of continuously regarding the quotidian and material facts with an interest at the same time so wide-eyed and so matter-of-fact. Mr. Leon never for an instant lets his pen or his imagination play. I do not think his novel contains one sentence that could be quoted as witty, graphic, or in any way remarkable. He has deliberately refused ever to allow that words, like paint, have a texture that is interesting in itself apart from the meanings they carry. His ideal of style, like Stendhal's, might be the *Code Napoléon*, but unlike Stendhal he lives down to his ideal. The most surprising thing about his book is its ordinariness: not only is the writing desperately undistinguished, but the incidents are usually commonplace and the characters no larger than life. And yet, you read it, you can't stop reading it. The only novelist I can think of who has survived without either a poetic imagination or an individual style is Trollope, and in fact Mr. Leon has Trollope's unostentatious skill in narrative and his ability to keep the reader interested in the fate of unremarkable people. But some of Trollope's characters are larger than life, Mrs. Proudie is a creature of the imagination, while Reggie Livingstone is only a synthesis of observations. I labour this point because experience suggests that the naturalistic novel can only survive when it transcends naturalism, the *tranche de vie* is not enough. And if Mr. Leon is to be a great novelist, which seems possible, he must heighten (but oh! not lengthen) his work. His first novel does just rise above photography because of the closeness of its design and because of its critical implications about present society. What he needs to do now, if I may presume to say so, is to make his characters more monumental and more vital, without sacrificing their verisimilitude, in fact to become a little less like Bennett, a little more like Balzac. This advice sounds extravagant, but *Livingstones* is the best first novel in English that I have read for years.

The Twilight Age is another first novel, very modern and I fear rather boring. The characters are transparent wraiths who talk incessantly about their inner selves. The theme of the book appears to be "We know too much, we need to feel more. . . . Knowing is false." The author is worried, like D. H. Lawrence, by some interior inadequacy he feels in people, and this odd antithesis between knowledge and feeling is again the result. I have never noticed that my more knowledgeable friends are less spontaneous and emotional than the dunces; on the contrary. The plot of the book is made up of the emotional relations between three people: a man in love with his wife, the wife in love with her brother, and the brother in love with his brother-in-law, but the words "in love" are altogether too definite for the dim states of feeling described. The author sometimes writes well, but the effect is unreal and often sentimental. He is evidently trying to get something out. Better luck next time.

Business is Business is yet another first novel, which I recommend strongly to those who like their satire neat and brutal. It is a fantastic story of a completely criminal boy who rockets round the world in a blaze of robbery and murder. It is a caricature of the American ideal of toughness, and an amusing application of it to the English scene. In one episode the hero buys a rock off the Scottish coast, announces the formation of a company for quarrying it entirely away, and then organises a movement to preserve this outpost of Britain by national subscription. The reactions of the various newspapers, including THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, to this scheme are admirable parody. Mr. Nicholson has great descriptive gifts as well as an un-English hardness in satire. I enjoyed this book a lot, and I look forward to his next work.

Mr. Burnett has already won a public here with *Little Caesar*, *Iron Man* and *The Silver Eagle*. His new novel, *The Giant Swing* has the same background of "tough" life in American cities which is familiar to all *cognoscenti* of gangster films. These boastful ruffians with their bullying bluff are much the most unpleasant specimens of human being known to history (they remind me of the nastiest sort of schoolboy), and their habits have something of the same fascination as those of the praying mantis and the dung beetle.

In *To Dream Again* Mr. John Fisher has written a highly accomplished novel. The action takes place during the last forty years in Honolulu, and also in one of those English seaside towns thronged with Retired Colonels trotting to and from the lending library with nice books under their arms. The past and the present are skilfully interwoven in the narrative, which conveys the nostalgia of departed romance and irrecoverable youth. Mr. John Fisher must be tired of being compared to Conrad, but the quiet irony, the careful craftsmanship, the island background, the sense of fatality make the comparison inevitable, and I recommend his book to all lovers of *Youth* and *Lord Jim*.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
SPRING REVOLUTION. By Cyril Connolly	331
THE RAILWAY JUNCTION. By Walter de la Mare	332
REVIEWS :	
THE PLUPERFECT WAGNERITE. By Cecil Gray	332
A POET OF THE SUN. By William Plomer	334
SETTINGS OF JOYCE. By Constant Lambert	336
LILY AND TULIP. By H. E. Bates	338
CONFESSIONS OF A DOWN AND OUT. By W. H. Davies	338
AN AMERICAN MAELSTROM. By R. Ellis Roberts	340
INTO THE BLUE. By R. B. Braithwaite	342
HEAVY SPRING CALENDAR. By Ralph Partridge	342
CHARLEMAGNE	344
SELECTED LIST OF SPRING BOOKS	346

SPRING REVOLUTION

THE boredom of travel! There is an acute condition which develops in enforced lulls before the wholesome drudgery of getting from place to place makes a brute of one again. If you knew how bored we were in Athens! Stagnation and self-disgust engender a low fever that wastes the curiosity and resolution that might have cured them. The weather was too bad to go anywhere and the nearest sun was in Egypt. Sleeping late to shorten the day, one went to the window and found the Acropolis and the Parthenon blocking the horizon. A thing of beauty, that is a joy once or twice, and a standing reproach afterwards. Downstairs it would be nearly lunch time. In the bar, which was an embottled corridor smelling of gin and Gold Flake, the Greek business men jollied each other up in cinema American and Trocadero English. The sombre dining-room was like the Dickensian coffee-room of a Midland hotel. The French dishes all tasted the same, like food on a liner; the Greek joints seemed made of sweetened gelatine. Coffee was served in the lounge amid the engineering papers, and snatches of conversations.

"I hope you are never troubled by the green-eyed monster."
"Pliss, Mr. Ansull?"
"Why, you know what the green-eyed monster is! Jealousy!"
"O yais, Mr. Ansull, Pliss?"

A walk in the afternoon. Tram-lines, blocks of yellow houses, demolition, everywhere the metamorphosis of a tenth-rate Turkish market town into a tenth-rate Californian suburb. A pause in the book-shop where one must choose between expensive art books on the Acropolis and diseases of the stomach, or sixpenny editions of Edgar Wallace and Wilhelm Meister. There were also the newspapers, and glancing at them phrases would enter with a little stab and begin to fester. "Ruskin, one felt, would have disapproved," "wherein promise and achievement touch hands very agreeably," and "Bêbé is painting a portrait of Baba." Before the Dragoman's ingenious vulgarities I would gape like a mesmerised chicken.

In the hotel *thé dansant* would have begun. A hundred bearded ladies have brought their black little daughters. The ballroom reeks with stale flowers and cheap scent. All the tables are taken. The fathers in spats and clean collars try to eradicate from their faces the expression which forty years of Levantine practices have implanted. The mothers employ the vocabulary of the underworld of elegance. "Très réussi . . convenable . . . on aura dit . . . ça se remarque." The daughters fidget. The young men attempt polish. All move in the psychologist's wonderland which is revealed to us when we watch charmless people trying to be charming. The band strikes up "Come on, uglies, do your stuff!"

At dinner a piano and a violin play evening music, with *Peer Gynt*, *Rosamund*, *Chansons sans Paroles*, *Toselli*, wistful and gallant compositions that empty over one all the slops of capitalist sentiment. Afterwards, there are the cinemas with wooden seats and German films unknown to the Academy, and a few places for supper. In Greek cabarets one is not allowed to sit with a woman unless one has champagne. The sexes are therefore divided on opposite sides of the floor. If a young man dances with a "hostess" he scurries back at the finish like a male spider trying to escape from the nuptial embrace before he is eaten. The girls are sulky, the whisky bad. Back in the room there are mosquitoes in February and the Continental *Daily Mail*, four days old, with an article saying that our greatest living stylist is Mr. Somerset Maugham. This day, repeated ten times, was typical of Athens. As boredom gathered momentum one felt all the ingredients of personality gurgling away like the last inch of bathwater. One became a carcase of nonentity and indecision, a reflection to be avoided in mirrors. Why go abroad? Why travel? Why exchange the regard of a clique for the stare of a concierge?

On the day of the elections the sun was shining. It was one of those Sundays in early spring when there is an air of displacement. A sensation of keels lifting from the mud, of new skin, and of new acquaintances. We motored to Kephissia for lunch. The butter was good. Refugees paraded about in their hideous best, and gramophones played in Tatoi. At Hagios Mercurios we looked down over the plain to the blue lake of the Aegean, Chalcis, Eretria, and the snows and forests of Euboea. In the wet weather we could not conceive a reason for being here, in a moment it became impossible to imagine being anywhere else.

Everybody had voted when we got back to Athens. The bars and cinemas were closed, and in the restaurant wine was served from tea-pots and drunk in cups as in an old-fashioned speakeasy. Crowds cheered. Venizelos was sweeping the polls. "The best thing for the country." As in all companies where politics are discussed, to compensate the dullness of the subject, one began to feel an illusion of far-sightedness and worldly wisdom.

Next morning the town was quiet. I was particularly annoyed to find an antique shop closed and tried to get the concierge to rout up the missing proprietor. Down the empty street moved a kind of grey Noah's Ark on wheels. At the English tailor's we heard the news. Venizelos had lost the election. Tsaldaris, the head of the Royalist-Popular party, was in, but he and all his colleagues had been put in prison. There had been a revolution in Macedonia. The shops were closing and the proprietors of travel agencies stood in the doors with the keys in their hands. Lorries of mud-coloured soldiers passed down the street distributing handbills. Martial law was proclaimed, newspapers suppressed, groups of people shot at sight, by order of the Chief of the revolution, Plastiras. By lunch-time it was accepted that we were under a dictatorship. All the *plats du jour* were "off" and we bawled out the head waiter. An aeroplane flew over, dropping pamphlets in which Plastiras described the collapse of parliamentary government. Rumours collected. Plastiras was a Venizelist. He was going to cancel the elections and keep Venizelos in office. He was not a Venizelist and was going to govern by himself. I walked down the University boulevard. It was warm and sunny. A straggling crowd that was moving about, suddenly thickened and made way for two archaic fire-engines, whose hoses were playing over them. The smell of wet earth followed their path through the sunshine. Everybody laughed and teased the soldiers on the engines, who laughed back at them. The crowd began to cheer a motor car from which a very ugly man waved his arms, and to follow it up the avenue clapping. The police and the fire-engines went with them. One could not tell if they were shouting Tsaldaris or Plastiras. In the hotel we received more explanations. Plastiras was in prison. "It had all been done very quietly." Venizelos and Tsaldaris had arranged it with the President of the Republic. The soldiers had fraternised. The dictatorship was a wash-out. General Condylis had flown last night to Athens from Salonica. Plastiras had taken him prisoner, but he had escaped and was marching with his army from Thebes on Athens. To-night there would be a big battle as Condylis wished to avenge Plastiras's execution of the Cabinet in 1922.

We went out again. "Tsaldaris" was being shouted everywhere. There were still crowds in the boulevard, but suddenly down a side street we saw a ragged collection of men marching with staves in their hands. On many of these the olive leaves still remained. Some only carried small untrimmed branches. They looked like a woodcut of Jack Cade's rebellion in a child's history book. It was at this moment that we heard the rattle of machine guns. Everyone ran giggling into doorways. "They're only blank, of course," was said knowingly. Turning into Stadium Street some soldiers rushed up to us pointing down and crying "Katô, Katô." The machine guns began again.

The street, in normal times so straight and dull, became an enormous affair of shadows and relief, of embrasures and exposed spaces. The kiosk at the corner seemed as far away as it would to a baby who could just walk, or a very lame old man. As we ran round the corner volleys seemed to come from every direction. People threw themselves flat on the ground and hid behind trees. The Noah's Ark passed down the end of the street with the snouts of machine guns thrusting from the wooden windows. We came to a little restaurant where we had dined the day before. The crowd surged on the steps and the doors were barricaded, but when they recognised us we were let in. From the balcony more men with staves could be seen in the falling night. A small cannon boomed at intervals and shook the windows. A man was helped by with a bleeding arm. While one-half of my brain dealt in realities—revolution, street fighting, baptism of fire—the other continued to function as if nothing had happened, and remembering that someone was coming for a cocktail, I insisted on trying to telephone to the hotel that we should be a little late. The wires were cut, but if we went back directly we should still be in time for them. Back on the balcony we saw a crowd collecting at the foot of the University. A man ran up the steps waving something. A machine gun rattled, the crowd fell apart, and revealed him lying in a growing pool of blood and brains. An ambulance bell sounded and a man with a woman in a mink coat walked down the middle of the street from the other side. We slipped out and made our way round by alleys and crossed the Place de la Constitution in the yellow dusk. We reached the side entrance to the Grande Bretagne. It was heavily barricaded. We knocked and rang, when another crowd of people surged round the corner and up the steps. There was a feeling of real hopelessness and panic. After them, turning elaborately, slided the armoured car. What had seemed comic and antediluvian was now implacable and fatal. The machine guns pointed straight at us; a fat woman tried to turn us out from behind a pillar where we were, but we shoved her quickly away. The car passed without firing and we got round to the other entrance. Inside all was cheerfulness and commotion; everyone felt important and with a reason for living. We dined in a large party, including several people whom we had avoided for two weeks, and retired upstairs with a gramophone and a bottle of whisky. A business man explained everything. Plastiras was master of the situation. He was a patriot. He would force a coalition between Venizelos and Tsaldaris. The latter's victory was illegal because he had promised the refugees bonuses which he hadn't got. "Plastiras does not play. He knows his head is at stake. If he fails he will shoot himself. He had eight officers shot who tried to arrest him. General Condylis was locked up. He sent him a telegram signed 'Tsaldaris' telling him to fly to Athens. When he landed he took him prisoner. There would be no battle." It was the best thing that could happen for Greece. The army was with him. The night was dark and cold. Outside a few small tanks patrolled the streets. Machine guns looked down from the balcony of the palace. The armoured car in previous volleys had chipped bits off the masonry along the front of the hotel. It was quiet and with the cessation of firing people began to feel the anti-climax and grow irritable. One wondered why one was cooped up with the tiresome business man; with the young Frenchman and his crisp platitudes; the clergyman's daughter chorus girl of dubious status, who was explaining why she would never have a lady-dog in the house. Everyone separated, secretly hoping for the roar of Condylis's artillery.

Next morning we were woken by the noise of trams. There were no guns on the palace. Newspapers arrived. The shops were open and nothing remained of the day before but the pool of wet blood by the University, surrounded by gaping students. At a time when Plastiras was supposed to be master of the situation, he had surrendered to the eight generals who commanded the rest of the army for Venizelos: Zaimis and Tsaldaris.

The dictatorship was over, and had been over since eight o'clock the night before. Plastiras had seized the government with only one regiment; his party had repudiated him. Whether a patriot or a power-grabber he was ridiculous. He had wounded thirty-three people, and killed one and cured two or three discontented pleasure seekers of the curious stoppage of the sensibilities to which they had fallen victims. They, while secretly admitting the futility of the eye-witness, the meaninglessness and stupidity of all that had happened, knew also that they had tasted the intoxication, and the prestige of action, and were soon rearranging the events of the day on a scale, and in an order, more worthy of the emotions which had been generated by them.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

THE RAILWAY JUNCTION

FROM here through tunnelled gloom the track
Forks into two; and one of these
Wheels onward into darkening hills
And one toward distant seas.

How still it is; the signal light
At set of sun shines palely green;
A thrush sings; other sound there's none,
Nor traveller to be seen—

Where late there was a throng. And now,
In peace awhile, I sit alone;
Though soon, at the appointed hour,
I shall myself be gone.

But not their way: the bow-legged groom,
The parson in black, the widow and son,
The sailor with his cage, the gaunt
Gamekeeper with his gun.

That fair one, too, discreetly veiled—
All, who so mutely came, and went,
Will reach those far nocturnal hills,
Or shores, ere night is spent.

I nothing know why thus we met—
Their thoughts, their longings, hopes, their fate:
And what shall I remember, except—
The evening growing late.

That here through tunnelled gloom the track
Forks into two; of these
One into darkening hills leads on,
And one toward distant seas?

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE PLUPERFECT WAGNERITE

The Life of Richard Wagner. By ERNEST NEWMAN. *Cassell.* 25s.

To the making of books about Wagner there is no end, and Mr. Ernest Newman has long been among the most assiduous and prolific contributors to the immense corpus of Wagnerian literature. After having written *A Study of Wagner* in 1899 and *Wagner* in 1904, he followed these up in 1914 with a full-length study of *Wagner as Man and Artist*, in the preface to which he apologises for having written a third book on the same subject, while expressly refusing, however, "to pledge himself not to

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MACMILLAN

repeat the offence in another ten years or so;" and sure enough a fourth book appeared about two years ago, entitled *Fact and Fiction about Wagner*, and he has now embarked upon a *Life of Richard Wagner*, of which the first volume has now appeared. Nor is this likely to be the end. When the famous Burrell Collection, and other material so far withheld, is published, we can be fairly certain that Mr. Newman will feel it incumbent upon him to traverse the entire ground again, and probably at even greater length.

Wagner, in fact, it may be gathered, is something of an obsession with Mr. Newman. *Chacun a sa marotte*, however, and Mr. Newman is perfectly entitled to gratify his own particular *marotte*. It is difficult, nevertheless, to overcome a certain sense of grievance at seeing such scholarship and industry as are revealed on every page of the present volume lavished on such a familiar and well-worn subject as Wagner. So much remains to be done in less familiar musical territories, for the exploration of which no one to-day is better equipped than Mr. Newman, that to see him expending his unique gifts in the discovery and elucidation of minor details of Wagner's private life is as if a Livingstone were to devote himself to the cartography of Middlesex, or a Nansen to the discovery of the end of Cromwell Road. There are still, no doubt, though they are rapidly becoming extinct, a certain number of ardent Wagnerians of the old school who are still eager to follow their hero through yet another interminable account of the vicissitudes of his earthly career. Those who are not pukka Wagnerians, however, are likely to find this book disproportionately long, and unduly preoccupied, moreover, with minutiae which can be of no interest whatever to any one save a fellow specialist on the subject. The dimensions of Mr. Newman's work may be gauged by the fact that this first volume of it, which is to be followed in due course by two more of at least equal length, deals only with the years 1813–1848, yet contains nearly five hundred large pages of small print. The amount of laborious and painstaking research embodied in it is well exemplified in the account of Wagner's journey to, and brief stay in, London in 1839. Mr. Newman has had the shipping records of Lloyd's searched in order to verify the accuracy of Wagner's own account of the sea voyage, as given in his autobiography; the files of Hansard have been consulted in order to obtain further details of the quite unimportant and uninteresting debate to which Wagner listened from the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Lords while he was here; *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* is admonished—with an exclamation mark in order to emphasise the heinousness of the offence—for stating that Wagner's dog was lost in Soho for two days, whereas actually it was only lost for two hours—and so on and so forth. The industry and erudition are admirable in themselves no doubt, but one cannot help feeling that they might have been put to some better purpose. An exception, however, should be made with regard to the eighth and ninth chapters, dealing with the state of music in Germany at the time, which is an exceedingly valuable piece of research work in which Mr. Newman is at his best.

For the rest, the chief value of the present study consists less in the discovery of new material than in the tolerant and enlightened attitude which the author adopts towards the alleged human weaknesses and frailties of his subject. The established conception of Wagner has for some time past been that of a mysterious and unexplainable dichotomy between a divinely gifted genius in his music and an unspeakable blackguard and "cad" (the favourite epithet) in his personal life—a conception for which Mr. Newman himself, by the way, was partly responsible, in his study of *Wagner as Man and Artist*. In that book, as the result of a natural, inevitable, and wholly salutary reaction against the officially inspired portrait of Wagner as a wronged and suffering saint, Mr. Newman, as he himself implicitly admits in the present volume, tended, perhaps unconsciously and unintentionally, to over-emphasise certain aspects of his character which had been carefully concealed or ignored by his predecessors. In the present work, however, an admirable balance is struck, and Mr. Newman is sincerely to be congratulated on having successfully avoided insipid hagiography on the one hand and pharisaical denigration on the other in dealing with the man, thus destroying one part of the conventional dichotomy. It is a pity that he has not succeeded in doing the same with regard to the musician—for although the book is biography pure and simple and does not profess to deal with the work, occasional passing remarks show only too clearly that the writer regards adverse criticism of Wagner as a sure sign of mental deficiency. Schumann, for example, is said to have failed "either to understand Wagner's purpose or to estimate his achievement at its real value," and to have been "a hopelessly bad judge of music that lay beyond his own intellectual and aesthetic range" simply because he did not like *Tannhäuser*, and declared that its music, "considered apart from the setting, is inferior—often quite amateurish, meaningless, and repugnant." This always has been, and still is, a widely accepted view of the music of *Tannhäuser*, even among Wagnerians. At the present time, indeed, it is probable that the majority of cultivated musicians and music-lovers would whole-heartedly associate themselves with Schumann's strictures concerning this particular work, and would regard him as being, on the strength of them, a singularly shrewd and penetrating critic.

Here and elsewhere, indeed, Mr. Newman does not appear to make sufficient allowance for the fact that it is not merely a handful of Wagner's purblind contemporaries who have exhibited a distaste for or an indifference to his art, but a large body of enlightened musical opinion which has always existed during and since his time, and has never been larger than at present. Such an attitude may seem deplorable to Mr. Newman, but it is useless to seek to ignore it or to account for it by casting aspersions on the intellectual capacity of those who adopt it.

In spite of these and other defects, however, Mr. Newman's monumental biography, when completed, promises to become the standard work on the subject, perhaps not only in English but in any language—that is, until he writes his next one.

CECIL GRAY

A POET OF THE SUN

Flowering Reeds. By ROY CAMPBELL. *Boriswood.* 5s.

A Scotch South African living in France, Roy Campbell is one of the most remarkable of living English poets. The history of Scotland shows that the name of Campbell is not unassociated with boldness, wildness and violence, and these qualities have been among Roy Campbell's characteristics as a poet. They have distinguished him from some of our more domesticated bards, and have helped to mark his place in the history of recent English poetry—after the lisping insipidities of much "Georgian" verse, *The Flaming Terrapin* came with something of the effect of massed bands playing a barbaric march. Mr. Campbell's contacts with English life led him to concentrate his antipathies in the *Georgiad*, but I can remember no poem of his that owes anything to the influence of the English scene or sky. He is a man of the sun and the south, whether the veld or the Camargue. No English sun ever

> flew like a thundering kite,
> Tunny-finned, and humming with gems, in the ocean of light.

Mr. Campbell has made his home on a Mediterranean shore, and to judge from his book, *Taurine Provence*, it is there that he has found the life and surroundings most to his taste. From his surroundings his new poems draw much of their inspiration. In Provence, as elsewhere, there are aerodromes and football matches and battleships and cinemas, but Mr. Campbell's muse is concerned with older features of Provençal life and landscape.

> Eternal beauty flares alone
> To build herself a blazing throne
> Out of the world's desire,

he now writes, and it is with certain aspects of what is commonly regarded as "eternal beauty" that his new poems are concerned—the beauty of the Rhône and the sea, of flowers and trees, of women and horses, the sun and the moon. It is not therefore surprising that he continues to make use of imagery suggested by ancient myths, and we encounter references to Actaeon and Diana, to Laocoon and Antaeus, to dryads and oreads. This attitude of mind, this tendency to write about "poetical" things, sets Mr. Campbell somewhat apart from others of the younger poets—from Mr. Stephen Spender, for instance, who finds the present too late "for beauty's filtered dusts" and lingers "in railway halls, on pavements near the traffic," and from Mr. W. H. Auden with his social conscience and his complex and disturbed imaginings, like newly discovered animalculae under the microscope.

Nearly ten years ago Æ said he knew of no poet with "such a savage splendour of epithet," and in *Flowering Reeds* Mr. Campbell remains faithful to the azure and the rose, the gold and silver, the hoof-beats and tornadoes, stars and thunders, that gave *The Flaming Terrapin* its colour and music. This latest volume is short. It contains twenty-four poems, some of which have already appeared in these columns or elsewhere, while others are now published for the first time. The publisher is not accurate in stating on the dust-cover that the poems have been "written

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over a period of three years," for two of them appeared in print nearly seven years ago.

Although various influences are discernible, Mr. Campbell speaks in his own idiom, which is as unmistakable as Swinburne's. He is often most effective when coolest, and a peaceful note seems to be heard more often than in his earlier work—

> And rose-lit sails, a thousand homing doves
> With foamy ribbons draw the wave-born Star,

or again :

> The reeds of thought, with humming silver wands,
> Brushed by our silence like a fleet of swans,
> Sang to the passing wave their faint adieu.

In a piece like *On the Top of the Caderau* the glare and noise, though not without splendour, are perhaps excessive, for too much sunshine produces a temporary blindness, and too much percussion is deafening.

Everybody works out his own salvation as best he can, with a philosophy to correspond. The neo-Mithraism of *Taurine Provence* is as personal to its author as were many of D. H. Lawrence's theories to him, but when Mr. Campbell celebrates the joys of living and the beauties of nature, as in *Choosing a Mast* :

> Under a pine, when summer days were deep,
> We loved the most to lie in love or sleep ;
> And when in long hexameters the west
> Rolled his grey surge, the forest for his lyre,
> It was the pines that sang us to our rest,
> Loud in the wind and fragrant in the fire,
> With legioned voices swelling all night long,
> From Pelion to Provençe, their storm of song,

or when he indulges in the grim humour of *Overtime*, a poem of brilliant dexterity, he must surely delight many kinds of readers.

WILLIAM PLOMER

SETTINGS OF JOYCE

The Joyce Book. *Oxford University Press.* Edition limited to 450 copies. £2 2s.

This homage to James Joyce consists of settings by thirteen composers of the thirteen poems in *Pomes Penyeach*, to which have been added a poem to the author on his birthday by James Stephens, appreciations by Padraic Colum and Arthur Symons, and a drawing of Joyce by Augustus John.

The list of contents is undeniably impressive—less so the contents themselves.

The only contribution that really stands out is the John drawing, an assured yet sensitive piece of virtuosity that puts to shame the drab mediocrity of most of the music.

It may be pleaded in the composers' extenuation that a homage such as this is in the nature of a *pièce d'occasion*, and that one can hardly expect it to exhibit a rare degree of musical merit. At the same time we must remember that English song-writers have been turning towards Joyce for some time past, and there have been signs that Joyce is actually going to take the place in modern English music once occupied by A. E. Housman. Modern English song-writers move curiously *en bloc*. At one time no one was set except Housman ; *Last Poems* arrived just when all the poems in *The Shropshire Lad* had been set a dozen times, and thus extended a movement which would otherwise have died a natural death.

When *Last Poems* in its turn was sucked dry the composers suddenly switched over to Hardy ; but although quantitatively he supplied an almost inexhaustible source of inspiration his somewhat crabbed and introspective vein of lyricism had hardly the requisite musical quality.

The sudden realisation by composers of Joyce's *Chamber Music* opened up a smaller but more fruitful field. There are already signs, though, that this field has been over-cultivated, and we read with some apprehension (in Padraic Colum's foreword), that " O, it was out by Donnycarny " has been set no less than twelve times. It was almost inevitable that, lacking the arrival of any new poet whose imagery and rhythm would lend themselves to musical treatment, composers should move on from *Chamber Music* to *Pomes Penyeach* as they had moved on from *The Shropshire Lad* to *Last Poems*.

This book should be looked on, then, not so much as an isolated act of homage as a natural movement in English music, following on from such earlier settings as Eugene Goossen's *Chamber Music* and E. J. Moeran's *Seven Poems by James Joyce*. It is surprising that the poems in *Chamber Music* were not set before, for their facile melancholy is of the type that " sings itself " as the phrase goes, while their mingling of Celtic and Elizabethan influences provides an exact counterpart to the style of the typical post-Vaughan Williams composer. Perhaps composers were frightened away by Joyce's connection with the Franco-American world of transitional intellect.

Actually the best settings of Joyce have been those that, disregarding his reputation as an international pioneer, have treated the poems as the mild examples of Anglo-Irish sentiment they are. Moeran, who since the death of Warlock is the most easy and natural of English song-writers, has been far more successful in his *Chamber Music* settings than Goossens, whose style is too cosmopolitan, self-conscious and pictorial for these poems. In his setting of " Oh, cool is the valley now" Goossens gets no further than the imagery of the first line, and restricts his accompaniment to a cool and rigid ostinato, whereas Moeran, disdaining any word-painting, seizes the warm sentiment of the poem as a whole (displaying incidentally a far more subtle and flexible sense of rhythmic values). Similarly in " Now, O now in this brown land " Moeran has followed the emotional curve of the poem, while Goossens breaks off in the middle with a very Franco-Russian illustration of the " rogue in red and yellow dress."

The curious thing is that Moeran, whom one might justifiably have expected to produce one of the best songs in the new book, has completely failed in his setting of " Tilly." The music is pleasant enough in itself but it has none of the dark and earthy quality of the poem. I am not suggesting that such a line as " They moo and make brute music with their hoofs " should be set onomatopoetically or even pictorially, but I feel that the content of this and other similar lines should have produced something more characteristic than the mildly folk-songy lyricism provided by the composer.

Moeran's failure to match the content of the poem with music, and to strike a compromise between musical form and the form of the verse, finds its echo in the other contributions. C. W. Orr, always accomplished, produces a well-rounded piece of music, but with none of the bitterness of the poem (Bahnhofstrasse). Goossens has caught the dramatic significance of " A Memory of the players in a mirror at midnight " but at the expense of musical continuity and vocal line (realising the unsingable nature of lines like " As sour as cat's breath, Harsh of tongue," he has despairingly indicated a modified form of *sprechgesang*). Amongst the English composers John Ireland, whose ability as a song-writer is insufficiently recognised, is the most successful in combining literary fidelity with musical logic even though the result is more admirable than inspiring.

The most distinguished song in the book is, curiously enough, by a Frenchman—Albert Roussel. His setting of " A flower given to my daughter " is a delightful piece of work maintaining an excellent balance between voice and accompaniment, and even if the rhythms have not quite the inevitability that an English composer might give to the words he at least refrains from repeating words or distorting the rhythm. Unlike most of the English composers in the book he can achieve atmosphere by the use of line without resorting to heavy washes of colour.

The other foreign contributors are less successful. Edgardo Carducci, who emphasises the banality of "Alone " by a deplorable repetition of " her name " (in brackets) at the end of the song, seems to combine the minimum of musical capacity with a complete lack of feeling for English words, and as for Georges Antheil's setting of the lines " Raised when she has and shaken Her thurible " it must be seen or heard to be believed. One feels that the editor, Herbert Hughes, should on occasion have exercised a little more ruthlessness.

The generally poor quality of the music in this book may be ascribed to the poor quality of the poems. But after all they are no poorer than *Chamber Music*, which has inspired many excellent songs. The trouble really lies in their greater intellectual content and freedom of form. Few composers of talent could go seriously wrong with an easy lyric like " Gentle lady, do not sing sad songs " but not even Van Dieren, who almost alone amongst English composers combines intellectuality with musical sensibility, can make a success of a poem like " A Prayer," in spite of his heroic efforts.

The musician can cope in different ways with a pure lyricist like Fletcher or with his opposite, a rough-and-ready free versifier like Whitman. But he cannot cope with an intellectual lyricist like Donne or a polished free verse writer like Eliot. As modern poetry tends more and more towards the spirit and style of either Donne or Eliot it seems possible that we shall soon see a complete

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divorce between modern poetry and modern music. The musician will either go to the past for his words or, if he approaches contemporary poetry, he will adopt a non-lyrical technique following the *sprechgesang* of Schonberg or the stylised speech of Walton and Burian. *The Joyce Book* is an interesting study of the, at present, unconscious conflict between modern verse and modern music. It is well-produced with a fine disregard of the lower case habitually associated with "transitional" writers. The printing of the music by a photographic process is particularly clear and pleasing to the eye. CONSTANT LAMBERT

LILY AND TULIP

Water Lilies and Water Plants. By A. NIKLITSCHEK. *Chatto and Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Garden Book of Sir Thomas Hanmer. With an Introduction by ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE. *Gerald Howe.* 21*s.*

Someone with D. H. Lawrence's vivid love of flowers and Tchehov's compassionate understanding of human nature might write a delightful story—though it might very well turn out to be one of those stories which seem so much better in the mind than on paper—called *The Man Who Loved Flowers:* the life-story of a man who sacrificed everything, his honour, his family, his fortune and finally himself, to his passion for horticulture. He would be a small, retiring man, and in later life he would wear old tweed hats and suffer from rheumatism caused by planting out seedlings on wet spring evenings, and his eyes would be weak from long porings over flower catalogues and seed-pans of the minutest alpines. In character he would be a direct descendant of that seventeenth-century French gardener, known to Sir Thomas Hanmer, who "changed his habitation purposely every third or fouerth yeare because of his Tulipes, which he found infinitely bettered by varietyes of earth as well as aire." He would have a little private income and his wife would perhaps have some means too, with the hope of more at the death of relatives; and they would live in the country or perhaps at the seaside, with all the prospects of a peaceful life before them. There would be a little garden, with formal beds and clumps of lavender and madonna lilies and untidy roses. It would be all very sweet and quiet. Then there would be children. Family happiness! But then the first catalogue would come and the long story of the man's growing passion for flowers would begin: dissatisfied and hungry for new blossoms he would root up the old roses and lavender and re-shape his garden, and then he would ache for a larger garden. His wife would remonstrate, but there would be no hope for it. And having got the larger garden and having planned and planted it he would long for a still larger garden, planning in his mind ambitious rock-gardens, rhododendron walks, avenues of Japanese cherries, sheets of the rarest primulas. His wife would remonstrate again and perhaps weep. All useless! The larger garden would be found and with it would come the need for the still larger garden. The story would begin to take on the air of hopeless tragedy: the man in his flower-passion would become a little fanatical, his wife more desperate, and money would begin to dwindle startlingly, the rich relatives would hang on and on, and the children, growing up, would begin to distrust and dislike both the sight of their father and the very mention of flowers. There would be argument and bitterness. All useless! And still the funereal sound of catalogues dropping into the letter-box would continue, and finally there would come the dream-garden, a vast impossible place of twenty acres or so, to be followed by more bitterness from the wife and children and spells of flower-madness from the man.

And here would be the breaking-point, the catastrophe indeed. Going down the Charing Cross Road one cold March day the man would catch sight in a bookseller's window of *Water Lilies and Water Plants*. He would rush into the shop, buy the book, give one glance at the pictures of the deep rose-pink lily, *Rose Arcy*, on the cover, feel his heart swell with a wonderful longing, hail a taxi and catch the next train home, poring all the way over the beautiful illustrations in the book, dreaming of innumerable pools splashed with islands of white and pink and purple stars. No time to lose! Arriving home he would off with his coat, seize a spade and begin feverishly to dig immense holes in his lawns, throwing up earth like a mole, thinking all the time of the exquisite nymphaeas and hybrids which Mr. Niklitschek describes and which he himself would plant in his new lakes in early summer. It would come on to rain and his wife would rush out and entreat him to come into the house, but he would wave her away and dig on in the cold harsh evening. Finally he would shiver, feel feverish, and, taking to his bed, would succumb to pneumonia. His wife, tired to the depths of her being of flowers, would supply the ironical ending—"No flowers, by request."

All this is in no sense fantastic: the emotions experienced by the man who loved flowers when he first picked up *Water Lilies and Water Plants* are in reality the emotions I myself experienced and which I imagine any flower-lover will experience if he is not one of those fat and blasé gardeners who already has the perfect lake filled with every water-lily under the sun. But the book is not for him. It is designed to enlighten and help whose who are not already aware of the dazzling variety of water-lily hybrids and the ease with which they may be grown, even in small gardens where only sunken tubs and concrete basins are possible. It is a delightful book, soberly written but very exciting to the flower-lover. Nevertheless, I recommend it only to those whose bank-balances are fat and infinite, for the plates alone will excite the strongest possessive instincts, and the fate of the man who loved flowers might easily become disconcertingly common.

After the excitement of this book, *The Garden Book of Sir Thomas Hanmer* is like a little old restful grandmother's garden, sweet with full-blown tulips on a warm day in early summer. Sir Thomas Hanmer was a distinguished seventeenth-century horticulturist, a friend of Evelyn and a possible friend of Charles II, whose greatest love was the tulip, which "wee had first out of Turkey about fifty years since, where it grows wild in some parts, particularly about Jerusalem as they write, and is thought to be that flower translated ill a Lilly, which was said to be more gloriously arrayed than Solomon." No man ever cared for his children or a shepherd for his lambs as Hanmer for his tulips.

"The hott sun will soon dispatch them out of flower, and the Spring stormes of haile and wynds will breake and much hurt theme if they bee not sheltered, and therefore your best beds must have wooden frames to set over them with such little roofes as may support linnen clothes tyed upon them, soe as either side may bee undone and throwne up to looke on the flowers, or to admitt the sun at pleasure, or wholly taken off when you desire to have a full view of them, or the weather is good and temperate. Being thus covered they will continue at least a fortnight longer in their beauty than otherwise they wood."

The manuscript of the Garden Book "came into the hands of Messrs. Davis and Orioli in the ordinary way of business early in 1932," and its value was discovered by chance. Happy chance! And it comes with the tulips. H. E. BATES

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This is the kind of book I like to read, where I get the truth in chapters of real life. In saying this I should like to warn the public against a great number of Reminiscences that have appeared lately, which have been untruthful and misleading, made pleasant and attractive to escape a charge of libel. In these days a man or woman invents any kind of story as a proof of once meeting a famous character. But if we try to form an estimate of this famous man—as he appears in various books of Reminiscences—what do we find? A blurred picture, and nothing more. When the present reviewer—who has been a great sufferer in this respect—reads some of the stories that have been told about him, he comes to the conclusion that books of Reminiscences are really works of fiction, and should be published as such. For instance, why should we give an impression that a certain poet is very fond of drink, all because he has been seen with a glass of beer in his hand? Let the poet make his own confession that he is not able to write under the influence of drink; and then consider the question that he is still one of the most prolific of living poets, in spite of advancing age. We now see that this poet has some kind of restraint and system; that though he can be fond of drink at certain times, he still has clear intervals of acute vision, when he knows that his shirt has more than one arm, and his trousers more than one leg, and that he is not seeing double.

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who sold sealed packets on the Boulevard St. Michel, to give the impression that they contained pornographic postcards, could be found in London forty-five years ago. trading under other names. These packets could be bought by any frequenter of Petticoat Lane. London, in this instance at least, appears to have been superior to Paris; for these pornographic pictures could be bought in Petticoat Lane on the Sabbath day, which the Rougiers probably kept holy nor laboured on. If Mr. Orwell has a greater liking for Paris than London, I am sure he will forgive my pride in claiming this superiority for our own capital.

When the writer of this book says, on the last page, "At present I do not feel that I have seen more than the fringe of poverty," we make haste to assure him that his book is packed with unique and strange information. It is all true to life, from beginning to end. Perhaps a few important slang words could be added, such as "scrand" for food; "skimish" for drink; "stretchers" for laces; "sharps" for needles; "pricks" for pins; "feather" for bed; "needy" for beggar; "clobber" for clothes, and many others. But this is only a small matter, as the list could almost be extended to a full language. Indeed we have heard beggars at the wayside use so many strange words in conversation that it was with the greatest difficulty that we could follow their meaning.

As for the earnings of different beggars, is it not wise to take into consideration which one leads the most interesting and most pleasant life? For instance, who would be a pavement artist, who sits in silence near his pictures, waiting for a stray copper as a poor dog waits for a bone? Who would be an organ grinder, dragging his heavy organ from place to place on a hot summer's day, without even the pleasure of making his own notes? Who begrudges such a man a pound or two a week for doing such hard work? Perhaps the best man, after all, is the Downrighter, who makes no pretence of selling or singing, and goes in for straightforward begging. This man only makes a shilling or two a day, and his food as extra. But his life is a real joy to him, because he is a student of humanity, and a great artist. He eyes his prospective victims as they come along, as a squirrel selects the sweetest nuts, or a robin chooses the whitest crumbs. He fits his story to the special case, and success comes to him time after time. If he begs from a young man who has only just left boyhood, he keeps on calling him "Sir," and the boy eventually surrenders his last and only penny.

When this Downrighter sees a woman coming along with a little child he fastens his eyes on the little one; and when he is near enough to be heard he sighs audibly. To the woman this is of deep interest, and a wonderful softness spreads all over her face. It is now that our friend, the Downrighter, apologises for his rudeness in looking at the child, and asks to be forgiven for the sake of his own little one, whom he will never see again. Result, twopence—given with tears and thankfully received.

I once knew another Downrighter, who spent hours in Downing Street, in the hope of begging from the highest official in the land. But this poor fellow's ambition was never gratified, and he died a disappointed man. His lesson of persuasive oratory, that was to extract silver from the Prime Minister of England, is now lost to the world forever.

W. H. DAVIES

AN AMERICAN MAELSTROM

Mary Baker Eddy: The Truth and the Tradition. By E. SUTHERLAND BATES and J. V. DITTEMORE. *Routledge.* 16*s.*

At the beginning of this careful, entrancing and painfully honest biography of Mrs. Eddy, occurs a description of the house in which she was born, "a small, barn-like building." In an official life of Mrs. Eddy, published in her life-time, was "an etching which reconstructed the place according to Mrs. Eddy's more radiant memories . . . in this the size of the house was enlarged and the number of windows doubled. Mrs. Eddy did not choose to have been born in surroundings unworthy of her." Again, when a devout disciple began to work on "Mother's" genealogy to prove her descent from King David, Mrs. Eddy furnished her with a list of nearer, less distinguished, ancestors to whom she had no kind of claim. She even included that devout lady, "the poet Hannah More," until it was pointed out that this was a grave slur on a reputable spinster. All her life through, Mrs. Eddy preferred the appropriate to the actual: in this she did not greatly differ from a very large proportion of her fellow human beings. All her life she persuaded herself that what was appropriate was

actual: here, too, she has many allies. All her life she succeeded to a surprising extent in inducing an amazing number of other people to agree with her perversions of ordinary, ascertainable fact. Here she was at the head of a very small army of supreme imposters, differing only from the meaner rogues who have traded on human credulity because they were almost always self-deceived, or could at least manage to induce self-deception.

This life is the final, authoritative exposure of a woman who rose to eminence on so minute an original talent that one looks in bewilderment for some other reason than man's craving for comfort to explain her success. The cures of Christian Science healers no more prove the soundness of Mrs. Eddy's philosophy or the goodness of her character than do the cures at Lourdes testify to the historical accuracy of the vision of Bernadotte, which first made that shrine famous. It is important to remember this, as too many Christian Scientists still insist on confusing their organisation and its claims with the claims made for Mrs. Eddy, which cannot be substantiated. In this task they have striven to suppress evidence, to boycott books and to excommunicate any members of their sect who have thought truth more important than the legend of Mary Baker, who became Mrs. Glover, then Mrs. Patterson, then Mrs. Eddy, and then Mother Mary, a stained-glass figure of incredible and unreal sanctity who appears with other Marys, better known to the Christian religion, in a window of Mother's room in the Mother church at Boston. Mr. Dittemore, who has supplied the material for this book, was for many years a director of that church, and head of the publication committee; it was during his tenure of that office that he had access to sources which proved how completely false was the official legend about Mrs. Eddy; and he found that its falsity depended very largely on Mrs. Eddy's own endeavours to substitute the appropriate for the actual.

Mrs. Eddy was an artist. Not a great artist, nor a good one; but her analogues are not the leaders of religion but such popular novelists as Marie Corelli, such popular poets as Martin Farquhar Tupper. An ill-educated woman, with no desire or power of self-criticism, she had all the neurasthenic's profound sense of self-importance. Often this faculty is useless. It was not useless in Mrs. Eddy, because she was, as girl, woman, and old woman, an extremely attractive person. In the slang of her own country she was full of S.A.: she had IT. This aspect of her character is dwelt on decently and discreetly by Mr. Bates and Mr. Dittemore, but its importance has never been so clearly emphasised. Beside this force of personal appeal, her teaching, whether expressed crudely or in the overheated rhetoric of the early editions of that ludicrous manual *Science and Health*—a book only saved by Mr. Quimby and Dr. Wiggin from being as silly as *The Book of Mormon*—is unimportant. Mrs. Eddy, not her teaching, was the maelstrom in which so many men and women were engulfed, some to disappear altogether in a condition of dazed beatitude, others to be regurgitated by her vile temper and hurled away to despair and desolation. Chapter after chapter of this book tells the story of yet fresh victims to this woman's zest for power, appetite for worship, and superstitious credulity. For she had a faith of her own. She borrowed her positive belief in mental healing from Quimby, whom she disowned as she disowned all to whom she owed anything. But she did invent M.A.M. These initials stand for "malicious animal magnetism," to which she credited all her misfortunes and all her enemies. This woman, who did not believe in disease, believed in the devil as firmly as she believed in the dollar. She was herself, in her youth, more than a bit of a witch-doctor; and, like all witch-doctors, was not above calling in material assistance when her spirits failed her. All her life she believed in the witch-doctoring of others, and accused her enemies of exercising diabolic powers against her. Her credulity would shock a Kaffir. I must quote one instance, from 1891. A new edition of *Science and Health* is going to be published. Her assistant editor is under the influence of M.A.M.:

> This influence even penetrated into the hitherto reliable establishment, the University Press, which was printing the edition. Mrs. Eddy found it necessary to arrange a very thorough system of mental treatment for the pressmen. Bennie took the proprietor, Mr. John Wilson, under his care, while the printers were divided among Julia Bartlett, Captain Eastaman, Mr. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Knapp, and Mrs. Munroe. Mrs. Eddy wrote out the argument to be used, which informed the printers that nothing could hinder the book from being published immediately, that everyone who worked on it was perfectly safe, that all things are governed and upheld by love. Bennie took up his stand with the others in Boston so as to be near his patient, and Mrs. Eddy wrote to him that if at any time the treatment of the

ARTHUR BARKER

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printers should be too strenuous to produce the best effects on them, she would at once let them know through Calvin Frye. This proved a wise bit of forethought on her part, as the printers soon became so overstimulated that the proofs were more full of errors than ever. She accordingly bade Bennie call off all the treatments except his own of Mr. Wilson. Her other students, she wrote disgustedly, were "utterly incapable of handling the Red Dragon."

Instance after instance of this savage superstition could be quoted. It gained, I think, far more adherents for Mary Baker Eddy's sect than did anything else. For here was a way by which one's failures, one's lies, one's diseases, one's wickednesses could always be ascribed to some maleficent power outside one. The devil had a last, long swing of his steel-strong tail among the Eddyite devotees. How delightful, even on the plane of the example I have quoted, to be able to put errors in printing to the account of the enemy! Not one's own style, nor one's bad handwriting, nor the compositor's carelessness, but the maleficent influence of people under the governance of Animal Magnetism was responsible for all gross errors in taste, all grave departures from truth.

Apart from her belief in devil-worship, there was one other original thing in Mrs. Eddy—her style. The devotees are no longer given those early editions of *Science and Health*, in which Mother wrote with a fury and freedom that reminds one of Mrs. Amanda MacKittrick Ros. For Dr. Wiggin, ex-Unitarian minister, took that monstrous tome and rewrote it for her. It was a pity, though it made the book more possible as a secondary Holy Writ. He expunged the fine and fierce attacks on her enemies, and curbed her rhodomontade. Some admirable specimens, from *Science and Health* and elsewhere, are given by these patient historians. She acquired a rich style in 1864, when she was forty-one years old, and given to morphia. She could write then "the avenues to reason and sentiment, though chilled, are not quite frozen in the icy fetters of speculative views, or the cold icebergs of popular surmise." That is good: but in 1881 she reaches greater heights:

> The Nero of to-day, regaling himself through a mental method with the tortures of Christians, is repeating history, and will fall upon his own sword, and it shall pierce him through. Let him remember this when, in the dark recesses of thought, he is robbing, committing adultery, and killing; when he is attempting to turn friend away from friend, ruthlessly stabbing the quivering heart; when he is clipping the thread of life and giving to the grave youth and its rainbow hues; when he is turning back the reviving sufferer to her bed of pain, clouding her first morning after years of night; and the Nemesis of that hour shall point to the tyrant's fate, who falls at length upon the sword of justice.

This, from the third edition of *Science and Health*, was an attack on old colleagues, indicated by their initials; it is my favourite passage from Mrs. Eddy, though it has a close rival in a delicious sentence in a different style, a sentence attacking massage: "We had not before witnessed the malpractitioner's fable without manipulation, and supposed it was not done without it; but have learned it is the addenda to what we have described in a previous edition, but without manipulating the head." Indeed, the sad conclusion that must be drawn from this work is that there was a grievous lack of head manipulation, or any other mental exercise, in the world of Mrs. Eddy's friends and disciples. No doubt the organisation she founded, as it has much property and considerable funds, will continue for some generations yet; but with the publication of this detailed and impartial life, Mary Baker Eddy herself should take her place with the great liars and self-deceivers, the great imposters of humanity, with Joanna Southcott and Ann Lee.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

INTO THE BLUE

The Expanding Universe. By SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON. *Cambridge University Press.* 3s. 6d.

In this little book of 130 pages, beautifully produced with two plates, Sir Arthur Eddington gives a sketch of the recent theory (largely due to the Abbé Lemaître) that the space of the universe is a "closed" and "spherical" space whose "radius of curvature" is rapidly expanding. The first chapter states the observational facts (the shift of spectral lines) which gave rise to the view that the other spiral nebulae are receding from the spiral nebula in which the solar system is located. The second chapter expounds the theoretical reasons for believing that physical space is spherical, the "curvature" thus attributed to space being a technical name for an empirical property which has only an analogy with the ordinary use of the word. And also the reasons for believing that a statical spherical space is unstable and that it is probable on theoretical grounds that physical space is expanding. The recession of the spiral nebulae thus appears as additional evidence for this expansion. Professor Eddington makes it clear that the expansion is not a uniform expansion of every physical object including the standards of length (which would be impossible to observe and so meaningless), but a genuine increase of the distance of spiral nebulae from one another relative to the ordinary terrestrial units of length.

The book concludes with a chapter in which Professor Eddington does the best he can to explain to a reader but slightly acquainted with mathematics his own recent theory, proposing relations between the atomic constants—the charges and masses of the electron and proton, and the quantum constant and velocity of light—and the number of electrons in the universe and its initial radius. That there is some connection between the different pure numbers occurring in physics (between, for example, the ratio of the mass of the electron to that of the proton, and the number of electrons) is rapidly becoming an article of faith with theoretical physicists: that Professor Eddington has discovered the right connections is much more doubtful. But he has arranged his book admirably in its passage from the most to the least certain. And he emphasises throughout that in physics (and in astronomy in particular) observation and theoretical construction must progress together. "There are no purely observational facts about the heavenly bodies." In his philosophical writings Professor Eddington has sometimes contended that the laws of nature are less dependent upon experience than by their nature is possible. But in a book on physics he is certainly right in pointing out that observation alone gives us nothing, and that there is no reason why we should not find out about the nature of space by considering the constitution of the atom as well as by observing shifts in spectral lines of distant nebulae. *The Expanding Universe* can be recommended to all those who, possessing a nodding acquaintance with the methods and results of modern physics, desire to know how the problem of the general nature of the universe appears at the present moment to one who combines in a rare way the qualities of the observer, the theorist and the popular exponent.

R. B. BRAITHWAITE

HEAVY SPRING CALENDAR

Murder Must Advertise. By DOROTHY L. SAYERS. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The Egyptian Cross Mystery. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Death of A Bridge Expert. By C. C. NICOLET. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The Murder of Steven Kester. By HARRIETTE ASHBROOK. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

P.C. Richardson's First Case. By Sir BASIL THOMSON. *Eldon.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Simpson Finds a Body. By DAVID FROME. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

The Motor Rally Mystery. By JOHN RHODE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Murder At The Varsity. By Q. PATRICK. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

The Metal Box. By THOMAS COBB. *Benn.* 7s. 6d.

Inspector Frost At Crevenna Cove. By Dr. MAYNARD-SMITH. *Benn.* 7s. 6d.

A good detective story should be logically consistent, plausible, and interesting; and the last quality will endear it most to the reader. Detective story writers, however, are generally happiest with their time-tables, their plans of the grounds, and their chemicals. A certain number are gifted with natural high spirits or a vein of humour by which their style benefits, but it is only very rarely that any of them light on ways of murder which are ingenious and amusing, and at the same time credible. They rely for puzzling their public not on contradictions of fact—they dare not face the charge of their plots "not working"—but on contradictions in psychology; their suggested motives for murder are fantastic, and their murderers would infallibly get off in a court of law on a plea of insanity.

Apart from this deficiency of vitamin B, there is some substance

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By E. T. WILLIAMS. *Fifth Edition, revised. Illustrated.* 18*s. net*

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An Introduction to the Study of Material Culture

By R. U. SAYCE

This book is similar to Professor Gordon Childe's *The Bronze Age* and Mr M. C. Burkitt's *Our Early Ancestors*, and is intended to give a general idea of the trend of thought amongst those who are studying the more material sides of primitive cultures.

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THE EXPLORATION OF WESTERN AMERICA

An Historical Geography

By E. W. GILBERT

In the year 1800 the greater part of the present territory of the United States that lies west of the Mississippi was unmapped and unexplored, whereas 50 years later the main geographical features of this vast area had been revealed. This book deals with the history of the exploration of these States. It has been written primarily as a book for the general reader, to satisfy the growing interest in the history of exploration. *Illustrated.* 12*s.* 6*d. net*

UNIVERSITY PRESS

for the voracious reader in every one of these ten novels. For excitement I recommend the first two on the list. Miss Sayers not only writes brightly, but intelligently, yet in her latest story she has succumbed to one temptation. She has taken a leaf from Edgar Wallace. To introduce masked figures, with bludgeons, if not revolvers, round every London corner is one way of keeping our nerves on edge, but it is not the most subtle. Inevitably the actual solution of a single murder by Lord Peter Wimsey loses some of its interest in the " thriller " atmosphere of indiscriminate violence. But nobody could call it a dull book. Ellery Queen is one of the American brigade, with all the transatlantic vivacity and speed. He is a master of elaboration, some of it most ingenious. His characters are as exaggerated as ever; they move about incessantly in the usual rich country house atmosphere; and by the time you reach the identity of the murderer you may be startled, but you are too much out of breath to complain.

Death of a Bridge Expert also occurs in the land where District Attorneys eternally demand quick results from Police Captains for political reasons. Perhaps it is because the characters all play bridge that they all behave in such an unaccountable way. They are certainly all capable of murder, so one is not in the least surprised to find that one of them is finally saddled with the crime.

The Murder of Steven Kester tries for the American flavour, but without success. The vocabulary is defective and the story lacks pace. One of the house party must have murdered his host. It is easier for the reader than for the numerous detectives to discover who it is, but that may be because Miss Ashbrook—to her credit—is conscientious enough to supply a reasonable motive for her criminal.

Sir Basil Thomson's story is all too businesslike. We are given a taste of authentic Scotland Yard methods, but I must confess I prefer to retain my previous illusions on that subject. For instance, it is disheartening to learn that finger-prints so rarely supply clues. P.C. Richardson investigates a crime in Central London in the most painstaking way, and gets a conviction in the end. His quarry, however, was not at all elusive. I only hope that next time Richardson will have the luck to be put on a more interesting case.

Mr. Simpson Finds A Body has great merits but a total lack of psychological probity! It is another London murder, with the action confined to Earl's Court, Gray's Inn and Camden Town. The characters are lifelike, until the solution is imposed on the data. The plot is thick with good red herrings, any one of which might well prove to be the fox. It is all the more pity, therefore, that the *dénouement* of such an elaborate story should throw so great a strain on our credulity. *Inspector Frost* and Professor Priestley (who solves *The Motor Rally Mystery*) have much in common. They plod along collecting more and more evidence for us all to see, and in the end they both have a rabbit up their sleeves. The main difference between them is that the professor here pads about among motor cars, while the inspector spends most of his time interrogating the kiddies.

Murder At The Varsity is, as one might expect, a very undergraduate affair. The characters have to go through " portals " wearing " nether garments." Apart from this style of humour which pervades it, the story does not leave much impression. *The Metal Box* is a plain story, without any frills on it. It is so quietly and competently written that one is all agog for the final surprise. Yet the surprise, when it comes, is that there is to be no surprise. With perfect composure the author winds up with the flattest possible solution.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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CHARLEMAGNE

Charlemagne. By G. P. BAKER. *Grayson and Grayson.* 18*s.*

Chiefest of Mr. Baker's many merits is his remarkable feeling for the large and the heroic: he succeeds again and again in portraying with a few bold outlines the essential qualities of his heroes. The bigger his subject, the better Mr. Baker is pleased, and his sense of the massive and the monumental, his grasp of the main tendencies of an historical epoch, mitigate his partiality, his carelessness, and the weakness of his detail. This life of Charlemagne, although more coloured by his prejudices than his earlier works, is the best book he has yet written, and as a telescopic *aperçu* of eighth-century Europe it is extremely satisfying. His breadth of view enables him to describe the long Merovingian decline, the three and thirty Saxon wars, the complicated struggle with Tassilo, and the intricacies of the negotiations with Byzantium, without once obscuring the interest of the central theme, which is the Carolingian empire, considered both as an historical fact and as a political concept—an attempt to create a " United States of Europe." Mr. Baker credits his world-making and world-shaking Charles with a grandeur of vision more suitable to the son of the second Otto and Theophano, than to the son of Peppin the Mayor: for a united Europe, and above all a Christian Europe, was the whole desire of Charlemagne. This student of the *De Civitate* would most strongly have disapproved of any union of States, and this conqueror who never forgot that peace is the end and object of war had little use for nationalities.

In his introduction, the author affects to despise those who attach great importance to the study of original sources, but his own childlike trust in Eginhard is unfortunate, for Eginhard, also, had small regard for original sources, and, writing in 830–836, constantly, from memory, contradicts the Annals, with grossly insufficient evidence. Eginhard's Suetonian hero-worship has affected Mr. Baker's judgment strangely: he excuses the massacre at Verdun because " a greater moral obloquy would have attended its not taking place," and only grudgingly admits that the wholesale deportation of the Saxons in 804 " might have caused an occasional injustice." His assertion that the Frankish Empire succeeded where others had failed because " the Franks had taken the trouble to found their dominion upon agreement with the beliefs of their subject peoples " is, to say the least of it, open to question, whilst some of his inconsistencies are a matter for regret: if an Englishman is not allowed to use so foreign a spelling as " Karl " because " the natural pronunciation of our language which turned Ceadda into Chad would long ago have transformed Cearl in a like manner," why spell Clovis " Chlovedech " or Clothide " Chrotochildis "? His attempts, too, at modernity are as out of place in a work of this sort as the avuncular jocosity of a country G.P.; " after they had lunched together " is rather silly, and his cynical remarks about St. Arnulf are quite uncalled for. It seems Mr. Baker has a poor opinion of his readers, for he prints ELEPHANT as though he feared they could not manage to read so long a word in small type, and he illustrates his book, which is in no way childish or for children, with drawings which first appeared in the *Boy's Own Paper*.

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Selected List of Spring Books

Most of the books in this list have not yet been published, but will appear in the course of the spring and early summer; a few books are already out but are included because they have not yet been reviewed in these columns.

ANTHROPOLOGY, ARCHÆOLOGY

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JUST FOR A RIBBON

The Lost Leader. A Study of Wordsworth. By HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

When Professor Herbert Read published his Clarke Lectures on Wordsworth, the orthodox followers who regarded the poet as a pillar of the Church of England were very contemptuous, dismissing the new interpretation of the life and the poems as a morbid hallucination. Now Mr. Fausset, in a much more detailed analysis, vindicates the conclusions of the earlier critic. His study of the poetry is extraordinary in its precision: and by elaborate comparisons within the body of the work and against the incidents of the poet's life he brings the conviction that the poet in Wordsworth died prematurely before the age of forty, from a complication of fear and remorse.

Mr. Fausset, by labour in solitude, has so closely identified his own and everyman's spiritual problem with that of Wordsworth that his story of the conflict, proceeding step by step with a burden of evidence, takes on the reality of a tragic play. The analytical criticism becomes a closely knit work of art, from which Mr. Fausset's earlier tendency to diffuseness is purged. He has never written so forceful and clear a book as this. The subject is obviously most near to him, and by complete identification of himself with it he has produced a study that is creative and of universal application within the worlds of thought, feeling, and conduct.

His principal argument is that the whole of Wordsworth's natural force, the *real* poet in the man, was invested in his love for Annette Vallar, his enthusiasm for the French Revolution, and his friendship for Beaupuy. By subsequently repudiating these he cut himself off from his own source and identity, so splitting and weakening his spirit that not even the lavish offerings from his sister Dorothy and from Coleridge could help him to a complete conquest of himself, or to a harmonious maturity in which his greatness might have been fully embodied in great poetry.

By a running commentary on *The Prelude*—rather in the manner of Unamuno's on *Don Quixote*—Mr. Fausset traces the early development of Wordsworth as a unified being expressing directly the spirit of Nature. His adventures in France, culminating in his becoming the father of Annette's child, were the crisis of that expression. The circumstances of his poverty and the intervention of war with France, combined with his own egoism (that jealous desire to keep himself free for poetic work); and against the combination he had not strength enough to follow his love. He deserted Annette, and thereby set up within himself complications of guilt. He had followed nature, and nature had betrayed him, as it had betrayed the revolutionaries in France. In the resultant misery and uncertainty his spirit succumbed to civil war. The result was a divided allegiance between his old and true self, and a new shamefaced being who called in the hirelings of "Safety first"; that is, political conservatism and the Church of England. Thus the great poet, pure in spirit, perfect vehicle of the universe seen by his honest mind, degenerated into a priest, "seeking sanctuary in a Churchman's and a moralist's creed and losing both his integrity and the pearl of inward honesty that is beyond price. And in its place he had preferred a righteous unction beneath which, however much leavened by pity and philanthropy, the bright spirit of life dimmed and died."

Mr. Fausset's arguments force one not only to agreement, but also to that deeper stock-taking of one's own spiritual capital which is undertaken only under extreme compulsion. But after this process one begins to wonder if it was possible that Wordsworth's sense of guilt could have had so localised a cause as his affair with Annette. Could anyone, except a neurotic solitary, have so brooded upon a very excusable incident that in the long run did no harm to anybody? The poet's defection caused neither death nor despair. He and Annette met years later, both very friendly and thankful that they were not united. While not denying the hardening and often brutalising effect of remorse and its reaction into self-righteousness, I doubt if Wordsworth, being a great poet, would not have had sufficient self-knowledge to estimate and control that effect. Might there not have been some other cause, possibly inestimable, possibly a mere element of his constitution, by which the poet was led to choose a life of safety rather than one of continued adventure? Perhaps the very intensity of his productive years wore him out, so that his early senility in the almshouse of the Church of England was due to the simple fact that he squandered his spiritual fortune in one short riotous burst. De Quincey says that at thirty-seven he was taken for a man of sixty, "a stark but ravaged man," and victim of "a self-consuming style of thought." We may never know why the genius of poetry left him. It left Coleridge, it left Matthew Arnold and Rimbaud in the same way. Perhaps the secret is that poetry is a morning-strength. But we can certainly agree with Mr. Fausset that Wordsworth only added to the speed of the parting guest by turning away to contemplate his own safety, and by refusing to "dare to be insecure and in that insecurity discovering a perfect safety."

RICHARD CHURCH

HIGH SPIRITS

We'll Shift our Ground, or Two on a Tour. Almost a Novel. By EDMUND BLUNDEN AND SYLVA NORMAN. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"I don't want to have anything more to do with you!" exclaims the heroine of *We'll Shift our Ground* to the embarrassed hero. This is the first sentence in the book and would make an excellent start for a modern novel dealing with temperamental difficulties. The book is "almost a novel," and it may be said that Chloe and Duncan are almost modern hero and heroine. The pair go abroad, talk themselves into trains, fall out at hotels and make up their intellectual quarrels in French trams. Chloe had not only written a book in the latest biographical manner dealing with Shelley's muddled affairs and entitled *The Soul of Harriet*, she had also dallied at Elstree. Duncan was somewhat of an artist but fancied that he was a writer. The frank and free companionship of to-day has, of course, its Freudian shadow, and the persistent novel-reader will look for emotional disturbances beneath the brilliant chatter of Chloe and Duncan. The bundle of impressions and opinions which so often constitute the novel of to-day can be held together by the ancient means of suspense. Curiosity over Chloe and Duncan will therefore sustain the reader. The dubiety of form in this book is half the humour. Poets think in analogues and riddles; there is a suspicion of mask and mood in these two characters in search of their collaborators. But the episodes are delicious in themselves. There is, for example, the joyous absurdity of Duncan's escape from a hotel, closely pursued by the repentant Chloe and Eugene, the ever-resourceful gallant waiter.

Modern novelists pack their characters off to a romantic Continent where all English inhibitions are happily released. Mr. Blunden and Miss Sylva Norman have, as we have seen, followed this admirable convention. But the adventures of their two characters have all the bustle and fantastic impressions of holiday-making. Indeed, the high spirits and robustiousness of the two wranglers may be too much for stay-at-home readers. Mr. Blunden has escaped temporarily from the traditional peace of English fields and thoroughly enjoyed himself in an exhilarating chase after dissolving views. Here, in fact, is the excited, absurd France which leaps to ear and eye the moment one steps off the gangway at Boulogne or Calais. It is possible that Miss Norman is responsible for all this breathlessness:

> The grim grin of the super-human cyclists with their furnace-hot faces, their fierce, coloured vests and shorts, their exaggerated mud-splashed calves working madly away to drive their spidery wheels through the centuried city; the swarm of spectators in wide-awakes and black-peaked caps and chocolate boaters, women holding up their tight-buttoned, indestructible babies, men devouring saveloys and brandishing bananas in exhortation of the invincible velocipedarians, who were scarcely given a channel to navigate, the unregarded surrounding antiquity of grey-blue house-fronts, the sluttish, convenient alleys, the patched, gaunt church buildings, the begrimed intricacies of the fountain, the low-ceilinged shops with meagre displays of shoes and pastries and cigarettes.

Such a quotation shows the merry pace of this frolic abroad.

Chloe belongs to the bewildering post-war age which came so suddenly, taking us unawares; Duncan, who tries to keep pace with this new age, cannot escape the strange past. There is a fable in all this. So the tour of the battlefields in Flanders and northern France has in this new setting a deeper poignancy. Here again are undertones but alienated by distance. We see Duncan groping among nettles and weeds, searching for that disappearing No-Man's-Land with its terrible memories. Here is not a contrast between Nature and man's destructiveness but a struggle between the individual and time. Even Chloe glimpses something of emotions beyond her experience.

> The sight of these children in this place, in their Sunday best, made Chloe realise inimitably what a very old war it was; but,

looking stealthily in this thought at her companion, she saw a youth almost who had lived in the same mud with it. What was this Time, that had crowded an inexhaustibly terrible drama into the brief dates of such as this enthusiast?

But the book itself escapes once more from its burden of memories into a faster world of fantasy. There is a Rabelaisian copiousness, in the best sense, in, for instance, the story of the monk who really wrote the memoirs of Casanova and the episode of the girl who fell in love with a museum statue of a Chro-Magnon man. The archaeological activities of M. Octave Brochet and that *enfant terrible*, Philibert, keep us fully occupied in a world of extravagant fancy.

AN AMERICAN GREEN

A History of the American People to the Civil War. By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Two of Mr. Adams's chapter headings give the key to his method. The Revolution is introduced by a chapter on The Insoluble Problems of the New Empire, and the book ends with The Inevitable Conflict just in sight. His history is an analysis of problems set in narrative: of impersonal forces working themselves out in time, place, and character. This is not an easy way of writing history. To manage it at all the historian must have a group of qualities which do not always go together, a sense of movement, a pleasure in doings, an interest in ideas, and above all an instinct for significant detail. Mr. Adams possesses them in unusually happy balance, and the result is a book of quite exceptional merit, swift and thoughtful, firm in outline and suggestive in particulars. He tells a story excellently, and part of the burden of narrative is discharged by two hundred illustrations and maps, all well chosen and many delightful. In places, it is true, the narrative gets crowded and hurried. Some fining down is wanted. In a second edition Mr. Adams will perhaps not find it necessary to quote Jefferson's epitaph twice over, and he may restore to Bath the primacy which he claims for America in the invention of Crescents.

To a European observer American history has an illusory appearance of compactness. The common antagonisms which make our historic framework, conflicts of nations, creeds, and classes, seem to be left behind, and probably most Englishmen at some time or other in reading of American parties have wondered what the Americans had got to make parties about. The most admirable part of Mr. Adams' work is his historic deduction of the sub-interests underlying the apparent uniformity of Americanism, their origins, their interplay, their alternating ascendancies and declines. This kind of writing very easily slides from generalisation into abstraction, and from abstraction into the Philosophy of History: there it must stop, because that is freezing point. Mr. Adams's book is anything but frozen, and what keeps it warm is his vivid apprehension of the truth that his sub-interests, sectional, political, religious and cultural, were composed of real people going about their business in the most diverse ways, and in vastly different scenes.

This pattern is so well carried through that it is difficult to detach any portion of the fabric for special recommendation. The transition from Jefferson to Jackson is, in the drama of American history, the most significant move, and Mr. Adams's interpretation shows his skill in the management of facts and tendencies at its best. Jefferson is to all intents and purposes English; one feels that if he, and Lord Lansdowne for example, had changed places, no one would have noticed much difference. Jackson is a historic novelty. He stands for the reflux of the West upon the East, and there had never been anything in the world quite like the West. And just at the moment when this new scene was making itself on the map, and its appropriate type appearing, a lasting misfortune befell the American people in the withdrawal, the introversion of the New England intelligence. It deprived the American mind of the capacity for internal criticism and left it, without dialectic defences, emotionally starved and mentally undisciplined, to all the operations of mass-suggestibility, and that democracy which Mr. Adams caustically defines as a distrust of anybody who is different. This is the America of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and one of the things that emerges from Mr. Adams's picture is how well observed, and how judicial, the American chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit* are.

There was another side, of course, which the foreign observer does not readily take in, because in those aspects which get into the history books, wars and threatenings of war, repudiation and annexation, politics and diplomacy, American history is wrought in base metal. Hideous is Mr. Adams's word for one of its most characteristic transactions. The unshown side of it must have been very fine or it would not have produced the best types which appeared in the Civil War. To this other America, "frowsy, common, vast," Mr. Adams's attitude is one of well-balanced sympathy. He likes its optimism and self-reliance, he enjoys himself in the vast spaces of its operations, and he leaves it when it is just getting ready to take the field.

G. M. YOUNG

PAUL VALÉRY

Paul Valéry. By THEODORA BOSANQUET. *Hogarth Press.* 5*s.*

It is usually the writer of restricted output who attracts to himself the wordiest commentators and becomes the centre of the most elaborate critical web. Take, for instance, Mr. Eliot and M. Valéry. Neither poet is temperamentally expansive; each of them has refined on his natural modesty and carried reserve to a point where it is a trifle alarming; and yet the critics who run to cover beneath their wings are very often both loquacious and diffuse. Miss Bosanquet is an exception to this rule. In the space of a hundred and thirty pages she tells us a great deal about Paul Valéry—perhaps as much as it is good for us to know—and provides a brief introduction to his poems. She recapitulates, clearly and simply, the familiar facts; Valéry has had two periods of creative life, the first when as a very young man he wrote verses under the influence of Mallarmé but refrained from collecting them in a volume—he also wrote *M. Teste* and *Leonardo*—the second, after seventeen years of silence, when he produced *La Jeune Parque* and *Charmes*.

The young man had achieved a certain celebrity. The middle-aged man, whose long interval of silence had been spent partly at the Ministry of War, partly at the Havas News Agency, soon ascended, he would have us believe almost in spite of himself, to the position of an internationally famous poet. Fame has not increased his productivity; aphorisms, short essays, an occasional dialogue, a preface to a commentary on his own verse, elaborated by that formidable critic, Alain, have left the fountain-head in a precious and irregular stream, to be caught up and stored away in expensive booklets. The disrespectful murmur that he is a snob; much capital has been made out of the fact that, when he was elected to the Academy, he disdained the custom of wearing an old uniform and had a uniform specially cut for him by a good tailor. M. Teste is now the denizen of literary salons and, though he grumbles, is punctilious in his attendance.

Yet, at heart, he seems to have changed singularly little. The same intellectual intransigeance as he crystallised in *La Soirée avec M. Teste*—archtype of the intellectual snob—is balanced by the same extraordinary gift of words, the same voluptuous, yet tormented, sense of beauty. The dualism revealed in his poetry recurs in his prose. On the one hand, we have the horrific M. Teste who has renounced all the ordinary means of intercourse, refuses all the ordinary social concessions—he never says "Good morning" or "Good-bye"—and is wholly absorbed in the contemplation of his mental processes—M. Valéry often returns to the theme of Narcissus—on the other, the poet of *Le Cimitière Marin* who gazes in a kind of rapture down from the cliff at the hard, refulgent surface of the summer sea, which reminds him of a roof where birds are walking, then turns back with impatient energy to the real world:

> Le vent se lève! . . . Il faut tenter de vivre!
> L'air immense ouvre et referme mon livre,
> La vague en poudre ose jaillir des rocs!
> Envolez-vous, pages tout éblouies!
> Rompez, vagues! Rompez d'eaux réjoui
> Ce toit tranquille où picoraient des focs!

This dualism Miss Bosanquet carefully emphasies. Valery has announced that, even to-day, he finds the whole business of reading and writing tedious and unsympathetic as a form of work. Like Maurice de Guérin, and to a lesser degree Jules Laforgue, he is haunted by the futility of literature and something inherently vulgar about its expression. He is more interested in its methods than its results: "From the moment, I said to myself, that a principle has been recognised and grasped by someone, it is quite useless to waste one's time applying it. . . ." Hence his seventeen years of absolute silence. He is, none the less, a poet whose sense of words, whose feeling for the voluptuous sadness of physical beauty, has overflowed in half a dozen incomparable passages,

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such, for instance, as those celebrated and poignant lines which occur towards the end of his best known poem :

Ils ont fondu dans une absence épaisse,
L'argile rouge a bu la blanche espèce,
Le don de vivre a passé dans les fleurs !
Où sont des morts les phrases familières,
L'art personnel, les âmes singulières ?
La larve file où se formaient les pleurs.

Les cris aigus des filles chatouillées,
Les yeux, les dents, les paupières mouillées,
Le sein charmant qui joue avec le feu,
Le sang qui brille aux lèvres qui se rendent,
Les derniers dons, les doigts qui les defendent,
Tout va sous terre et rentre dans le jeu !

That is Valéry at his most concentrated and least obscure. He possesses, in common with the greatest French poets—a generalisation that might be extended to cover Mallarmé, whose obscurity has often been exaggerated—a faculty of direct and lucid statement that marks him down, willy-nilly, as a "classical" writer. Elsewhere, he shows the trace of his Symbolist origins. It was not for nothing that he frequented Mallarmé's Tuesdays, listened to the dark sayings of the great men and read the still darker pronouncements contained in *Igitur*. He is nauseated by the slimy track of personal romanticism. "Sentimentality and pornography," he wrote to Gide as a young man, "are twin sisters. I loathe them both"; and, in a subsequent letter, "Metrics is a kind of algebra . . . Verse is an equation, rightly stated when the solution is equality, which means that it is symmetry." He is anxious to take the poetic machine to pieces, cleanse it of the oily deposit of romantic feeling, and recompose it on a more mathematical plan.

He dreams of mathematics as the Symbolists dreamed of music. It is generally difficult to gauge the effect on a writer's work of his extraneous intellectual interests and the exact part which they have played in his composition. Would Valéry be an easier poet if, in his youth, he had not devoted himself to mathematics and psychology and pored over the note-books of Leonardo? Certainly, we should have had a very different Valéry. But then, the question, like most questions of the same kind, ignores the fact that it is not his interests that determine the poet—their effect may be important, but it is always secondary—so much as the individual poet who determines his interests. Narcissus's long debate with his own image needed the assistance of some sort of external mirror.

But I have wandered unpardonably from Miss Bosanquet. Her little book, the first to appear in English and, as far as I know, the most satisfying complete study, does justice to the complexity of her subject's character and is a useful preface to some of his more difficult poems. Very sensibly she eschews formal explanation. Poets, even the obscurest, cannot be explained; and if reading them entails a commentary and critical gloss, we may assume that their work has failed in its purpose, since we are bound to apply a standard of criticism that belongs to prose. Primarily, at all events, they must delight the ear and, through the ear, learn to enchant the mind, introducing a varied host of associations. Though the labyrinths Valéry explores are often tortuous, he never fails to unlock them with syllabic skill.

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SPENSER—WITH NOTES

Edmund Spenser: A Critical Study. By B. E. C. DAVIS. *Cambridge University Press.* 12s. 6d.

Spenser's was a poetry culled and refined from many "olden stories"; yet it flourished also in the heat of new philosophy. Above all, it was written under the seal of a man conscious of his mission, pitting his English skill against Tasso and Ariosto, ambitious to mould an instrument of verse which would magnify his country and his philosophy. Is it true, then, as Mr. Davis contends, that he achieved the "nearest approach to a national epic in the cycle of English poetry?" In negative terms, perhaps, yes. But most of Spenser's readers, in his own time as well as after him, have read *The Faerie Queene* to enjoy its store of glamorous scenes and characters, have read in order to subject themselves to a musical spell whose power derived from the most personal sources of Spenser's inspiration; and, obeying Hazlitt, have let the allegory go.

Therefore a good critical study of Spenser ought to give us a clear account of the genesis of his fables and descriptions, and elucidate the mosaic of his philosophical borrowings. It ought to show Spenser as the member of a most self-conscious literary group, to explain why he was impelled to heroic ethical designs, and why, by some psychological stop, his imagination flagged at their immensity.

Mr. Davis's *Edmund Spenser* contains the substance of such a work; but it suffers from having ill-defined aims. There is much material in it too elementary for the scholar, and many details unlikely to interest "the general reader." Most unfortunately, it was published in that state of partial completion which characterises so many semi-academic studies nowadays. To set down the facts about a man's life and accomplishment under general chapter headings, and to pass some provocative judgments when occasion arises, even to endow your study with a thesis to be proved, is not to write a work of criticism. Arrangement is not order unless it is capable of making facts yield their utmost significance. Mr. Davis, for example, deals with English reformers like Cheke and Ascham, and with Harvey, under *Life and Works*. Much of the same material trickles in under *Humanism*, which also treats of some philosophical sources, while the rest are put off until another section. It is difficult to use categories like *Romance*, *Humanism*, *Allegory* without making your book a game of battledore and shuttlecock.

In general, this study displays a shocking incompetence from a mechanical point of view. The author destroys the effect of his most apt quotations by dragging in quaint expressions when his own phrasing would have been stronger. He uses words carelessly: "With Spenser the *impetus* to poetry was not the Faustic *yearning* to knowledge infinite, but a *wise passiveness* continually absorbing impressions," etc. His paragraphs start out lustily and dribble down to unrelated details :

To many readers Spenser's allegory has proved a veritable Serbonian bog not easily to be escaped or left to take care of itself, as Hazlitt advised. Even in his own age the orthodox view of poetry as

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"delightful teaching" could not prevent Joseph Hall from tilting at his "misty moral types," or Henry Reynolds in his *Mythomystes* (1632) from sympathising with those who wished "that he had therein beene a little freer of his fiction. . . ." For Spenser's allegory does unquestionably cramp and stiffen his romantic invention. . . . The commendable grief of Abessa at the death of Kirkrapine, the fraternal affection of Sansjoy, Sansloy and Sansfoy is counted to them for unrighteousness. But we must bear with the vacillation of the Red Cross Knight in the face of the resourceful Archimago, whose energy and perseverance fully substantiate Bishop Latimer's tribute to the devil as "the most diligentest bishop . . . in all England." The religion of Faeryland is rooted in totemism and taboo.

It is not difficult to recognise that language as engendered of the learned journal. Mr. Davis is weighted down by his notes. It was a gigantic task, of course, to summarise the researches of the Spenserian army; and Mr. Davis is to be credited with having kept himself free from bias, and with having achieved an admirable degree of completeness, even if he has not gone any farther than men like Professors Renwick or Greenlaw in his consideration of Spenser's ideas. His account of Spenser's possible relation to Bruno, a subject which has received much attention in periodicals of late, will attract interest.

A book like Mr. Davis's *Edmund Spenser* is worth attention because it points such a moral in this age of literary gravedigging. Over the portals of every library ought to be written: SOME FACTS NEED NEVER BE REMEMBERED. If the scholar is to communicate the pith of his thinking he must trample on his notes, and learn the art of swift and penetrating synopsis from Hazlitt or Mrs. Woolf, from Strachey or Macaulay. He must realise that the office of criticism is not only to inform the reader's mind, but to revive and educate his sensibility. To that end is someone needed to wield an Occam's razor in the universities?

LAWRENCE STAPLETON

About Motoring

A DICTATOR OF THE ROADS?

IT is very rarely that our merry old grandfather, *Punch*, is stunned into seriousness. Nothing short of a war normally exercises this effect upon him, and even then he is usually content to preach in cartoon by lines rather than by letters. Yet the other week by the pen of A. P. Herbert he published a long, earnest article endeavouring to stir the national conscience in respect of road fatalities which reached the appalling average of eighteen per day throughout 1932. It is good that the national conscience should be stirred in this matter. Preventible homicide is tragic, whether it occurs in the cradle, or in the shunting yards, or down the mines or on the road. And the temper which accepts a formidable deathroll complacently is even more terrible than the deathroll itself. So far every humane person must applaud Mr. Herbert. It is when he begins to be constructive that we part company with him. He makes a claim in print which numerous people are making in conversation, that if a shocked and indignant nation would grant him dictatorial powers, he would reduce the deathroll to microscopic dimensions in a few days. This is a perfectly serious claim, seriously advanced, and must therefore be seriously considered. Its validity naturally rouses a passionate interest in his constructive proposals. These are two in number, and look very simple on paper. The first is the re-imposal of a speed limit; he mentions 30 m.p.h., but in a fashion that suggests his dictator might find it essential to select a much lower figure; and as a weapon for enforcing this speed limit, he proposes to interpret the law of homicide rigorously. Under British law a man is guilty of homicide if he deliberately does anything which is calculated to endanger the life of another and his action produces a death. These seriously proposed remedies for a serious evil cannot be lightly dismissed. But in the first place, no nation has ever yet succeeded in enforcing a speed limit. Several nations, including France, America, Switzerland, and ourselves, have contrived to convert a speed limit into a profitable source of revenue by means of fines. But no nation has contrived to make its motoring citizens travel at lower speeds than they deemed rational. Mr. Herbert evidently considers that this failure is solely due to the trumpery nature of the penalties previously imposed for breach of the speed limit. The penalty for homicide varies from seven years' imprisonment to death, according to the degree of culpability assessed by the law in individual cases. Mr. Herbert holds that savage penalties for technical breaches of the speed limit, coupled with prolonged imprisonment or death for road fatalities adjudged to be due to speed would compel any civilised nation to observe his dictatorial speed limit, whether it were set at 30, 20 or 10 miles an hour.

The mournful history of the Volstead amendment in America has taught all legislatures what to expect when a Government establishes laws which fail to secure the assent of even a minority of its citizens. The Prohibition laws in the United States originally had the support of a majority of American citizens for very varied reasons. They have been openly and continuously defied. They bred a wholesale lawbreaking spirit in America; they corrupt huge strata of the American government organisation, both local and national; they produced the gangster. Their general effect has been to warn nations to eschew laws which lack public support. The records of motor legislation in this country prove beyond cavil that a speed limit bolstered by savage penalties would command less support here than the prohibition laws won in America. In the second place, no speed limit would achieve what Mr. Herbert expects. I have thrice been within inches of killing people on the road. In two instances my car was stationary when it was rammed by cyclists who had lost control of their machines. In the third instance, I was moving at eight miles an hour on bottom gear, and no speed limit could have averted a crash. Speed is an important factor in many accidents; but "speed" is not necessarily synonymous with "high speed." The common opinion amongst experts (not less compassionate than Mr. Herbert) is that there are precisely two methods of eliminating high speed. The first is that adopted in the island of Bermuda, where narrow, winding lanes of dusty surface complicate the traffic problem intolerably, and motor vehicles of all types are completely prohibited. The second is to confine the manufacturer to designs mechanically incapable of exceeding a set speed on the flat. A dictator could unquestionably wipe out our entire motor industry with a stroke of the pen. Such an action would produce problems of transport, employment and finance which would cause his death

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or disgrace within three weeks; and this radical remedy may be ignored, since no man would dare to attempt it, and if he did, his doom would be sealed. It would be far more practicable to limit the factories to building vehicles incapable of exceeding 30, 20 or even 10 miles an hour. But the effect would not be such as Mr. Herbert anticipates. We should have to prohibit the import of all foreign motor vehicles, and the tariff wars of Europe and America would immediately assume a new phase unlikely to help us in our other problems. Railways would boom, and the motor industry would shrink. Mr. Herbert might welcome both consequences. But he would be amazed to discover that the graph of road fatalities would *rise*, instead of falling. Motorists, like most modern people, are apt to be impatient. But their impatience, oddly enough, is largely damped by the speed of their cars. They do not fiercely object to crawling through a narrow village, because they can accelerate to 60 m.p.h. when they enter the clear roads beyond. Tie them down to any low maximum—thirty, twenty or ten—and they will drive much faster than at present in all dangerous places where they at present are content to creep for a few hundred yards; and the graph of accidents will *rise* steeply! No doubt the proposed interpretation of homicide is to prevent this disaster? But who is going to interpret and punish the homicides? The very men who at present administer so gently a new law which was intended to intimidate! Ah, but the dictator will enforce his own interpretations and penalties! If this imaginary dictator was floated into power on the crest of a wave of violent national emotion inspired by some different emergency, he could doubtless do what he liked for a few sweet months. But even a dictator cannot defy national sentiment indefinitely. Moreover, the dictator would find that in a third of the fatal accidents, the culprit is himself injured, and injures two or more friends or members of his own family. Will anything be gained by hanging such a culprit? Or even by sending him to prison? The simple fact is that for once Mr. Herbert's heart has bolted with his head. We must safeguard our road traffic; but the safeguards will be slow, and laborious; and safety will be achieved only by a multitude of small reforms and regulations, each of them individually rather petty and unpromising.

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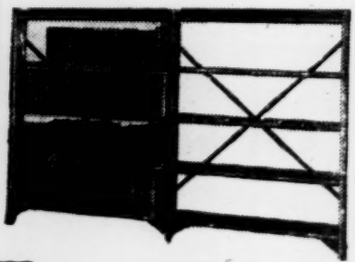

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 12.—SPLITZKI
(BY STRUAN MARSHALL)

Report from the Commissioner of Police to the Home Secretary:

"Splitzki, our Secret Service agent, was attacked in the East End last night and died shortly afterwards in hospital. Before he died he was just able to gasp out some word which sounded like 'essemer,' followed by the word 'seven' or 'seventh.' It is Splitzki who recently brought us word of a dangerous plot engineered from Geneva, at the head of which, some say, is the notorious Anarchist Zuchheim, or Bessemer. Superintendent Chump thinks that what sounded like 'essemer" may in fact have been Bessemer, and that 'seventh' may be the date of the contemplated plot."

The following message was subsequently found among Splitzki's belongings. It was to this message that his dying words referred:

"Why aah rluif ivi nyhzzppuz T hjr ejohm libyz apu N eza pj rf ejvyubotzvm sbjrfiypjroh svavzo ib sidftl tz ejvsszpu nsf T Hdr pzooo owp U rnpi iladyvu nqhil giy pun lstslun aoab ilepaovpjr nhnnyp truvvu eosle lyzd L dpssp azl smm hy."

Decipher Splitzki's message.

PROBLEM 10.—DANGEROUS AGES

Fred is 8
His sister is 11
His father is 49
His uncle is 64
Grannie is 81

One or two readers have criticised this problem as only soluble by a process of trial and error. There is, however, a mathematical solution, which follows.

A mathematician writes: "Mr. Clarke should be congratulated on a very ingenious problem."

Here is the composer's solution:

We have to solve $x + y + z = a^2$ .. .. (A)

$x^2 + y^2 + z^2 = b^2$ .. .. (B)

Put $x = p^2 + q^2 - r^2, y = 2pr, z = 2qr$

Then

$x^2 + y^2 + z^2 = p^4 + q^4 + r^4 + 2p^2q^2 - 2p^2r^2 - 2q^2r^2 + 4p^2r^2 + 4q^2r^2$

$= (p^2 + q^2 + r^2)^2$ and thus equation B is solved

$x + y + z = p^2 + q^2 - r^2 + 2pr + 2qr$

Equate this to $(p - (q + r))^2$

Then $p^2 + q^2 - r^2 + 2pr + 2qr = p^2 - 2p(q + r) + q^2 + 2qr + r^2$

i.e., $2p(q + 2r) = 2r^2$, whence $p = \dfrac{r^2}{q + 2r}$

This value of p will make (A) a square, and since $q + r$ can be any integers, the number of solutions of the equations (A) + (B) is infinite We have now to find suitable values for $q + r$.

(1) Put $q = 3, r = 3$, then $p = 1$.
$x = 1, y = 6, z = 18$.
$x + y + z = 25$.
$x^2 + y^2 + z^2 = 361 = 19^2$.
But these values are not suitable.

(2) Put $q = 8, r = 4$, then $p = 1$.
$x = 49, y = 8, z = 64$.
$x + y + z = 49 + 8 + 64 = 121 = 11^2$.
$x^2 + y^2 + z^2 = 2401 + 64 + 4096 = 6561 = 81^2$.

These are the only values which conform to all the terms of the problem.

PROBLEM 9.—ELSINORE

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to:
A. Rand, 71 Ballater Road, S.W.2.
There were 121 correct and 3 incorrect solutions.
On the cumulative point basis, *eight* points are awarded for this problem.

PROBLEMS BY CONTESTANTS

I have to thank a number of solvers for submitting problems of their own. Will they please, for the moment, accept this general acknowledgment? In due course I shall study carefully all problems submitted and shall then communicate with those who have been kind enough to send them. Their co-operation is much appreciated.

Several solvers have claimed "possibles" who were not included in my first list. I am examining all claims and will publish a supplementary list next week.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of December 24th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

DEFLATION IN AMERICA—WALL STREET HOPES—INVESTMENT TRUSTS AND FIRST CO-OPERATIVE—MR. COURTAULD

WALL STREET reopened on Thursday in optimistic mood, buoyed by the new President's handling of the banking crisis. When a man has been lying flat on his back, he is grateful for any medicine that will put him on his feet: he does not pause to consider whether it will temporarily deprive him of the use of his legs. The classifying of banks into three groups—the solvent, semi-solvent and insolvent, the release of the first group for business this week, the gradual re-opening of the semi-solvent under Government conservators (i.e., receivers) and the sacrifice of the insolvent—this is the most ruthless solution of the banking crisis that Mr. Roosevelt could have devised. Nothing so deflationary has been seen since the Spartans exposed their new-born babies on the hilltops. Bank deposits in America total approximately $40 billions, of which some $8 billions are believed to be frozen stiff—not necessarily in a condition of *rigor mortis*, but—in the words of one American house—"temporarily sacrificed to preserve the value of the currency." The deflation will fall most severely upon the depressed agricultural areas in which the banks are for the most part insolvent. The issue of new currency against Government bonds or sound commercial assets may not reach the districts which are in most need of currency stimulation. As I write (Thursday) there are only 2,000 banks open out of 18,500 in existence. America is suffering from a hold-up far worse than we ever experienced in the General Strike. The earnings of industrial companies for this quarter will be a terrible record of the financial crash.

* * *

Nevertheless, it would be unwise for the investor to assume that Wall Street will suffer an immediate slump. Let us understand the new hope which has been aroused in the American breast. The relief which the business community is feeling at the prospect of sound Government finance is immense. The Economy Bill which is to cut the Veterans Pensions and the salaries of civil servants is an amazing subordination of petty politics and graft to national interests and executive discipline. The prospect that the budget may be balanced by a beer tax and expenditure cuts of $400 to $500 millions is an idea which no American had ever dared to hold in the last few years. An entirely new horizon is opened up to the law-abiding business man. Moreover, the impression that the relatively few banks which are open will remain open and will be backed, if necessary, by Government support, will restore confidence in the financial system. And confidence will enable the sound banks to release credit through purchases of securities. When the crisis is subdued, interest rates will be reduced and business expansion will be encouraged by a policy of loans at cheaper and cheaper rates. A return of confidence along these lines may even cause a reversal of the trend of trade. This, presumably, is what Mr. Roosevelt is aiming at. If he fails, if the deflation cure kills the patient, the only way out is unadulterated inflation. I am bound to say that many City men believe that he will fail, that the dollar will not return to gold, and that inflation in America is not many months away.

* * *

It is the habit of some investment trusts to declare that a valuation of the securities at middle market prices discloses a depreciation, after deducting reserves and carry forward, of so much per centum. It is an annoying and foolish habit for it misleads the casual reader without fooling the alert investor. As the reserves and part of the carry forward are in the ordinary course of business invested (not *out* of the business but in the security markets), the actual investment depreciation is always a larger figure than the percentage disclosed by this method of computation. Thus the First Co-operative Investment Trust suggests in its report for the six months ended 21st January, 1933, that its investment depreciation, after deducting reserves and carry forward, is 47.84 per cent. whereas the note to its balance sheet plainly shows that it is 50.1 per cent. This is not intended as a criticism of the First Co-operative Investment Trust, which has improved its investment position as a result of the general recovery in security prices in the last half of 1932 from a depreciation of 52.1 per cent. to one of 50.1 per cent., but I venture to question the truth (as well as the English) of the following sentence in the Trust's journal which is so appropriately called *The Rainy Day*: "These Co-operative Investment Trusts, having come through the crisis, are in a strong position to stand up as well as any to whatever the coming months may see." If the "crisis" had really been overcome, Mr. Emil Davies might have changed the title of his journal to *The Rainbow*, but let us see how the average investment trust, with which the directors of the First Co-operative challenge a comparison, has fared.

* * *

It may be observed at the outset that, as it does not indulge in financing, an investment trust can withstand any crisis as long as it meets the legal obligations on its debenture debt or bank loans and does not pay out more in dividends on preference and ordinary share capital than it earns. No British investment trust has yet failed to pay its debenture interest, and as we do not follow the American and Canadian practice of requiring the debenture or loan capital to be covered 1½ or more times on assets at break-up values, no British investment trust has had to be liquidated as a result of the slump in security values. (This is fortunate for the Second Consolidated Trust which at July 31, 1932, was barely covering its debenture stock on the break-up value of its assets.) If every security became unsaleable as a result of panic, the British investment trust could still carry on provided it could collect sufficient revenue on its holdings to discharge legal debts. As regards investment depreciation, the average for the pre-war companies, according to the *Economist*, is about 20 per cent. and for the post-war 30 per cent. The following table shows how the First Co-operative Investment Trust compares with representative pre-war and post-war companies in investment depreciation and in the percentage of ordinary capital covered by assets at break-up value:

Pre-War Trust Companies.	Date of Formation.	Per cent. Investment Depreciation as on Jan. 1933.	Per. cent. of Ord. Cap. covered by assets.	Market Price of Ord. Stk.	Dividend Yield Per cent.
British Assets ..	1898	26.0	nil	10/6	7.14
General Investors ..	1907	34.0	48	144½	5.88
Guardian	1888	12.1	66	144	5.56
Mercantile	1884	2.3	161	216	4.63
Post-War Trust Companies.					
English & New York	1928	35.4	nil	36	8.3
Great Northern ..	1924	20.6	8.3	73	nil
London Stockholders	1928	53.7	nil	16/3	nil
First Co-operative	1924	50.1	45.0	—	3.0

* * *

The First Co-operative is certainly not as unfortunate as some post-war trusts, but it cannot be compared with any of the pre-war companies which have had time to build up reserves. Here it is worth observing that no investment trust can compare with the insurance companies in the matter of capital protection. Thanks to their large holding of gilt-edged securities, the insurance companies last year more than recovered the depreciation on their funds. Certain investment trust companies took advantage of the gilt-edged boom by investing temporarily in British Government funds, but the extent to which a trust company can move from market to market when the going is good is very limited. It is too early, in my opinion, to buy the ordinary stocks of investment trust companies. Revenue is still declining. Last year the average decline in revenue for the pre-war companies was 16.5 per cent., for the post-war companies over 20 per cent., and for the First Co-operative 24 per cent. A further decline this year will force most companies to reduce their ordinary stock dividends again. The market in investment trust ordinary stocks generally follows the market in trade "equities" with a considerable time-lag. Nevertheless, the time-lag may be ignored in certain cases. The ordinary stock of the Mercantile, which emerges from the tests ahead of all comers, may be purchased on the first sign of a trade recovery, while British Assets, which has a large part of its funds in America, is a good purchase when the recovery in Wall Street gets in. I am half-inclined to recommend holders of British Assets 5s. shares to average at 10s. 6d. upon the strength of its past record. A well-managed company which is not too orthodox in the distribution of its risks has a better chance of making good.

* * *

Mr. Samuel Courtauld in his speech on March 9th: "In the Japanese rayon industry women were getting about 1⅛d. and skilled male workers 1¾d. to 2 1/10d. per hour . . . European and American statesmen should realise the extent of the danger (of Japanese competition). The consequences to the unemployment problem are terrible to contemplate."

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